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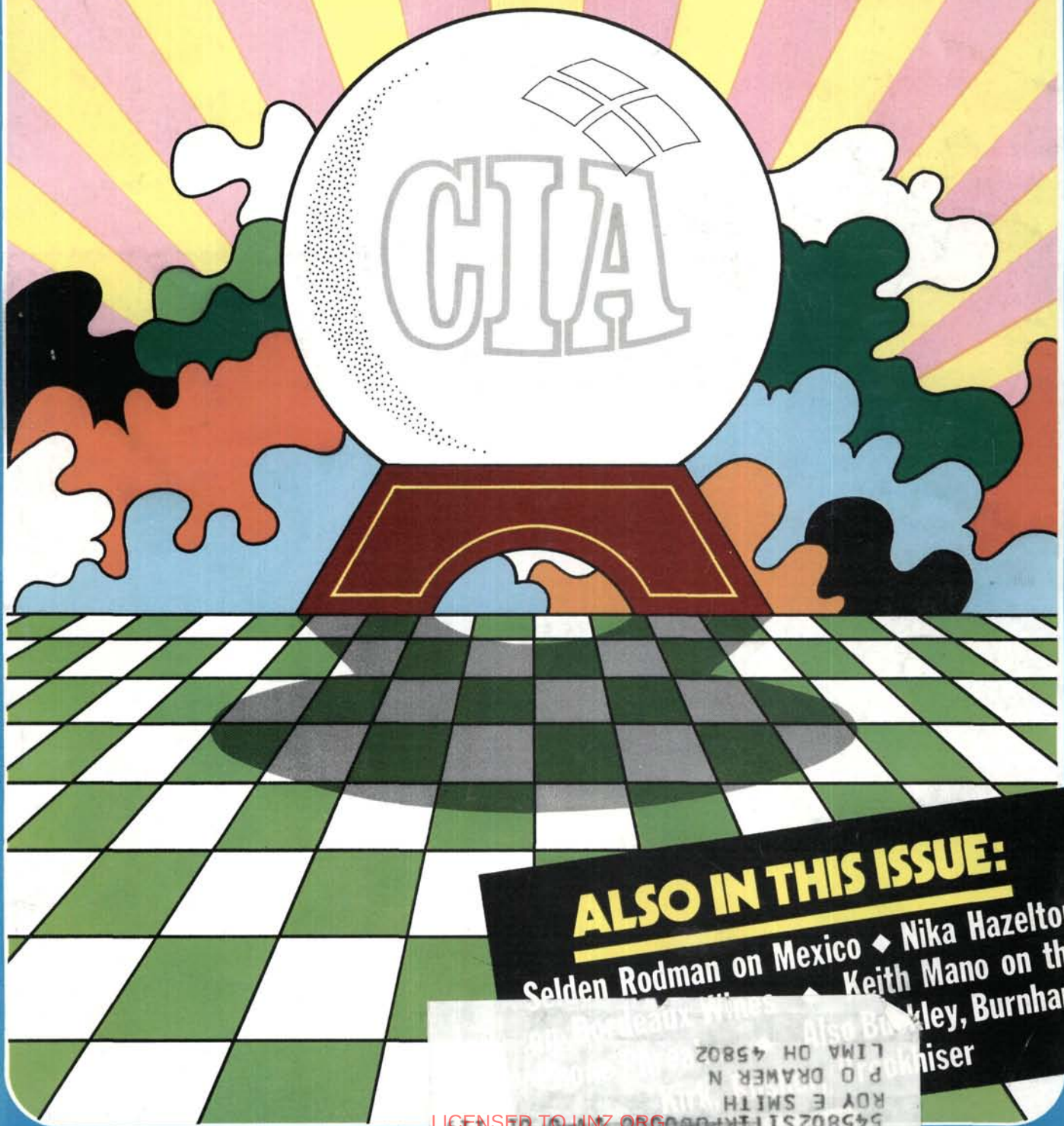

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Selden Rodman on Mexico ◆ Nika Hazelton ◆ Keith Mano on the [illegible]kley, Burnham, [illegible]niser

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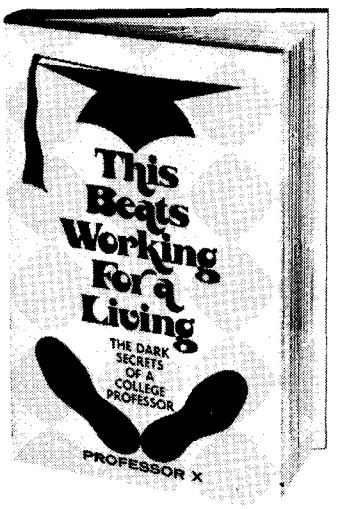

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Letters

Solzhenitsyn

I had not (I say it to my shame) ever got around to *The First Circle*, but after reading the excerpt you published ["Will the Real Mao Tse-tung Please Step Forward: Solzhenitsyn's Stalin," Oct. 12], I have put it next on my list.

So much of Solzhenitsyn's significance is extra-literary that one sometimes forgets how splendid his writing is in purely literary terms. As a sustained expression of a character's thought and feeling, this portrait of Stalin is actually a more formidable achievement than *Ivan Denisovich*: Solzhenitsyn could undoubtedly put much of himself into Ivan Denisovich, but Stalin required a real effort of imagination—near genius.

New Haven, Conn. FREDERICK ELLIOT

I am young (29) and know the "terror" of speaking to my boss: Have I got the facts right; might I get fired; will I ever make partner. I found the ordeal of Abakumov—a grown man—particularly frightening, empathizing as I did with the old KGB man's plight: subject to being liquidated at any time by the boss. What an incredible portraitist.

New York, N.Y. SAMUEL WATSON

Correction . . .

In my obituary of J. R. R. Tolkien [Sept. 28] the sentence "It was the rule of Tolkien's art that he invented nothing cynical" should have read ". . . he invented nothing; he transmuted into the loveliest vision the world as he knew it." The obituary was phoned in and recorded on a Dictaphone. What a New Yorker's ear heard a South Carolina voice say was not "cynical" but "semicolon."

Lexington, Ken. GUY DAVENPORT

About the Shroud

I quite enjoyed Barbara Sullivan's article on the Holy Shroud of Turin ["How in Fact Was Jesus Christ Laid in His Tomb?", July 20], surely a most fascinating and compelling object.

I should like to comment on one of the lines of evidence cited in the article for the authenticity of the Shroud, specifically that the image on the cloth is a "negative" image and, as such, renders improbable the thesis that the Shroud is a "forgery." This line of evidence essentially argues: 1) Why would anyone create an image that could not possibly be seen properly before the advent of photography? 2) How could an artificer have known what the negative image should look like in order to form the positive image, again, before photography?

However, it has always been possible to "see" the positive image of the Shroud. Without photography, the positive image may be "viewed" with the aid of a built-in feature of the human visual system: the ability of the eye to form a complimentary retinal after-image.

If one gazes steadily at some fixed point of a drawing or figure containing light and dark contrast for, say, sixty seconds, a complement image of the original figure may be seen, or rather, "noticed," by then shifting one's view to a large, light-colored surface such as a blank sheet of paper or a blank wall. A moment after the gaze shift, a faintish, but reasonably distinct, complement image appears and then slowly fades.

Readers of *NR* might try this technique *re* the photograph on page 786 of the July 20 article. While the detail is small and the image of not too high contrast, I had not much difficulty in forming the after-image given a minute or so of fixation.

Given this approach to viewing the Shroud, then, the "real" image provided by the Shroud is the ghostly and indirectly perceived after-image. By the same means of after-image formation, it is also possible for an artificer to determine what he must produce to serve as the "negative" image. By first sketching the "positive" portrait and then forming its complement image via the gaze-fixation techniques, one can determine what the "negative" image should look like.

Cambridge, Mass. RICHARD A. BOLT

One aspect of Barbara Sullivan's extraordinary article puzzles me. It has to do with surgeon Pierre Barbet's vividness in describing the fact that Christ was nailed to the cross through His wrists, and not the palms of His hands.

Dr. Barbet gave the logical reasons for

(Continues on page 1152)

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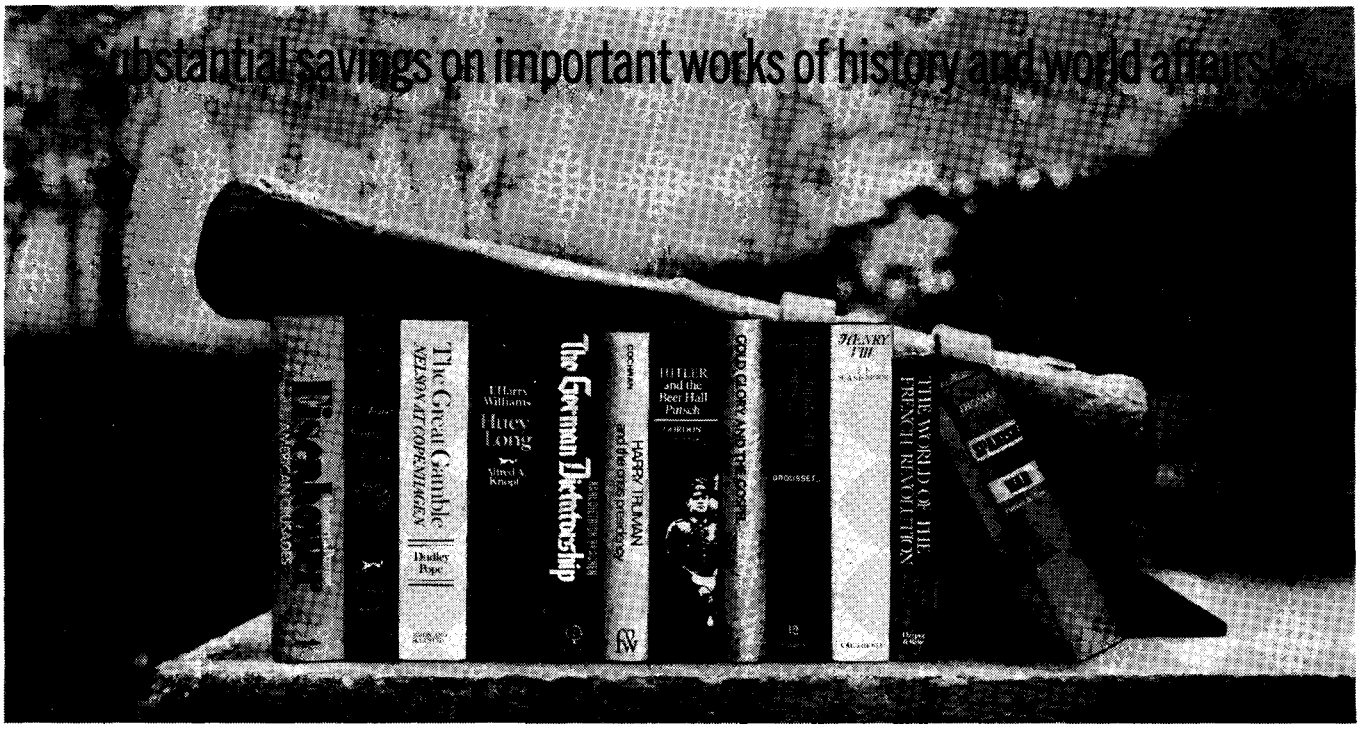

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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . Mother returns. A few issues back **Miles Copeland** (we can't even reveal whether that's a pseudonym) told us things about the CIA we all wanted to know; now he tells things we need to know if we are to be intelligent citizens constantly instructing their congressional representatives on matters of importance. Our author, whose name incidentally contains the letters CIA, used to be part of that organization and in his revelations to us abides, if only just, by the need-to-know standard—*responsible* journalism.

Richard Brookhiser (the lad, you will remember, who began his political career at the age of four by publicly chiding His Permanency Nelson Rockefeller) first appeared in these pages in February 1970, when he wrote about his experiences staging an antimoratorium rally at Irondequoit High School. Now at Yale, he takes a look back at his last year at IHS. Rick spent the summer working as a scab and learning that "There once was a Union Maid" is not a Civil War song. . . . **Alan Reynolds** found his way to Guatemala with the aid of his son and attended the 26th meeting of the Mont Pelerin Society, and reports optimistically. . . . **Selden Rodman** has written almost a dozen books about Latin America. . . . **James Burnham**'s column is as much about the press as about things military . . . **Jack Chatfield** who recently reviewed Murray Kempton's book takes a look at Daniel Boorstin's third volume on U.S. social history. . . . **J. Bernard Burnham** (Burnham fils), fascinated by the way business puts economic theory into practice, uses his knowledge of both to maximize profits for the Mellon Bank. —**DO**

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Not very well publicized: The statement by Chilean Foreign Minister **Ismael Huerta** in the United Nations that **Fidel Castro** had shipped enough arms to Chile during the last months of the **Allende** regime to arm twenty thousand Chileans for a civil war (the arms came in clandestinely, did not go to the Chilean armed forces). Also sent to Santiago, **Manuel Pineiro**, chief of Castro's secret police, to help organize the revolution. Most African delegates walked out on Admiral Huerta's speech: Latin American delegates, whose countries have experienced previous Castro aggressions, listened attentively. . . . The **Chilean junta** also has announced that it will permit representatives of **Amnesty International** to make on-the-spot investigation of charges of torture and summary executions. . . . Latest **UN** impotence on **Mideast** fighting tends to reinforce a poll which shows 43 per cent of Americans now think the UN is doing a "poor" job; the figure in the early Sixties was 7 per cent. . . . Incidentally, in the past couple of sessions, the **U.S.**, which once led the UN, has voted against the majority or abstained 75 per cent of the time.

■ Resigning with a few home truths: Why is 57-year-old Sen. **William Saxbe** (R., Ohio) retiring after his first term? Because, he says, Congress should be making the decisions, but "if they can set things up where they can take action by doing nothing, they will." . . . Saxbe is the third GOP senator to announce retirement (the others, **Cotton**, New Hampshire, **Bennett**, Utah—both in their seventies). . . . In Illinois former astronaut and Kennedyite **John Glenn** threatens ugly internecine fight against Gov. **John Gilligan** (whose own reelection chances are rocky). Gov. Gilligan supports Glenn's probable primary opponent, millionaire **Howard Metzenbaum** (whom **Robert Taft** beat in '70). . . . **Jean Westwood**, the McGovernite head of the Democratic National Committee, who was unceremoniously booted from that spot by **Robert Strauss**, says she'll run for Republican Wallace Bennett's seat in Utah, which would be a change. Bennett has ACA rating of 90 per cent; ADA rating of 5 per cent. . . . In Iowa where Sen. **Harold Hughes** (D.) is retiring, **Nicholas Johnson**, the former far-out FCC commissioner, is making candidatorial noises. . . . In San Francisco Mayor **Joseph Alioto**, who would like to run for governor, claims his troubles (alleged connections with the Mafia, and other unfriendly stories) were caused by "the unprincipled political saboteurs of the Watergate." . . . The campaign to recall Republican Gov. **Jack Williams** of Arizona has fizzled out. Williams came under attack by **César Chavez** and assorted women's lib and liberal groups, after refusing to veto controversial farm labor law a year ago. . . . And in Philadelpia, Democratic leader **Peter Camiel**, under attack by Mayor **Frank Rizzo**, has urged Rizzo to join the Republican Party—"if they will have you."

Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Ben Roth

"Secretary Wildlife Society, charter member Friends of Nature Club, past president Anti-hunters League . . . then hamburger hit dollar a pound."

■ On **Women's Lib**: Latest FBI figures show the number of women arrested for murder, robbery, aggravated assault, larceny, and auto thefts has risen 80 per cent in the last five years. . . . Big Mama of Women's Lib, **Betty Friedan**, confessed at Smithsonian talk on the splintering of the women's movement a week ago that actually the movement "is too diverse to splinter." She did hint that some of the troubles it's now having might have been caused by right-wing "female **Donald Segrettis**" with their own brand of dirty trickettes. . . . **Cora Weiss**, the former Hanoi tripper, now has her own weekly radio program in NYC, Station WRVR FM. . . . In Rome, a poll of **Italian women** indicates 70 per cent of them have never heard of women's lib; most believe their chief purpose in life is to bear children. . . . On Abortion: **Cardinal Cooke**, touching off the Catholic Church's "Respect for Life" program, has warned Catholics that there is no "new theology" on abortion, that any Catholic who has anything to do with an abortion—even counseling one—is automatically excommunicated. . . . The Rev. **Jesse Jackson** takes a similar line, describing abortion "as too nice a word for something cold, like murder." . . . **NOW** (National Organization for Women) has gone out of its way to commend **CBS-TV** for two summer reruns of controversial abortion sequences in *Maude*. . . . A Washington, D.C. report indicates there were twice as many **abortions** as births in Washington last year. . . . And an abortion clinic in New York City is now accepting certain credit cards for any of its "services."

■ Nominated by the *Guardian* as MCPM (Male Chauvinist Pig of the Month), **Bill Goodwin** of the International Woodworkers Union, for proposing at its Vancouver convention that logging camps be provided with legalized prostitutes. Fringe benefits?

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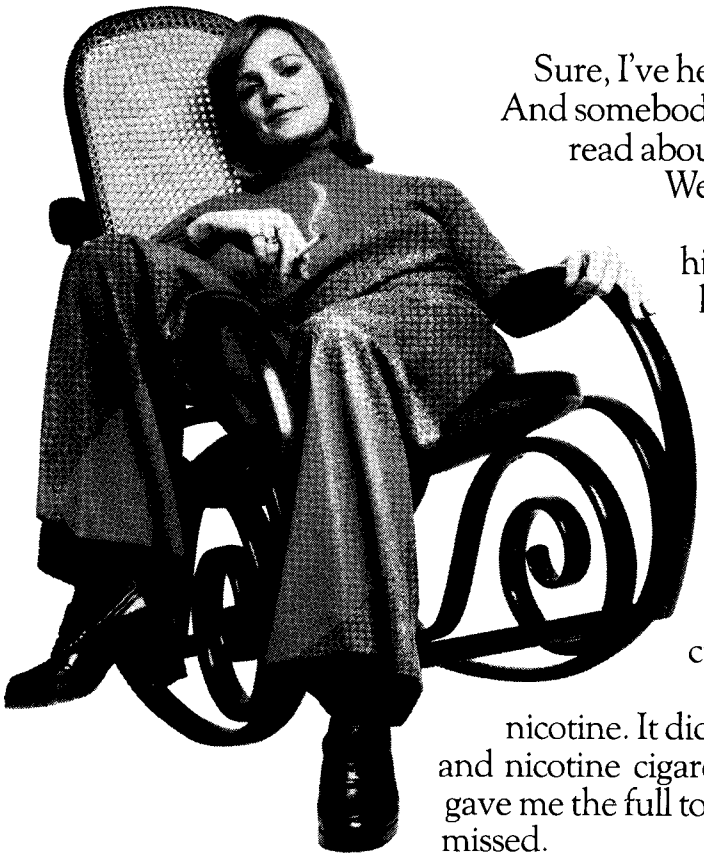
I smoke. And I'm not going to apologize for it.



Sure, I've heard it all. I'd light up at a cocktail party. And somebody would remind me of what they've read about smoking in the papers.

Well, I read the papers, too.

I've heard all that stuff they say about high 'tar' and nicotine. And I'd be less than honest if I said it didn't make me concerned.

So I went the whole route. Tried one of those low 'tar' cigarettes, and got as much flavor out of it as a toothpick.

But I kept trying. Guess I enjoyed smoking too much.

That's when I ran across Vantage. And what do you know. It tasted like a cigarette.

Now Vantage wasn't the lowest in 'tar' and nicotine. It didn't claim to be. Just the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette that still gave me the full tobacco taste I'd missed.

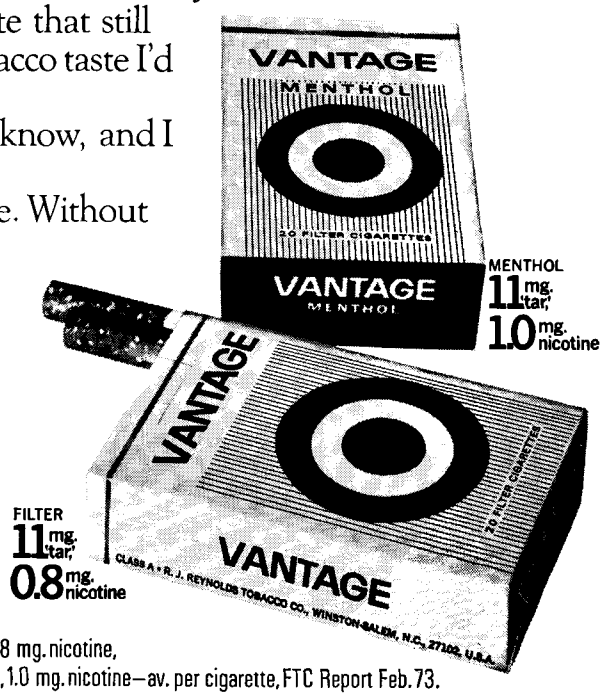
Maybe it's the Vantage filter. Frankly I don't know, and I don't care.

I just know I can cut down on 'tar' and nicotine. Without cutting out the flavor.

Now I don't have to make any excuses for smoking. Not since they made Vantage.

Maybe you'll feel the same way.

Lee Bryant
Lee Bryant New York, New York



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 11 mg."tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
Menthol: 11 mg."tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine—av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. 73.

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"D. Keith Mano's most successful novel"[1]—"a sheer nightmare of suspense."[2]

The year is 2035. The ecologists have had their way and the killing by man of any living thing—animals, fish, insects—has been forbidden. But the solution has proved worse than the problem, and the earth has returned to nature with a vengeance. Only Dominick Priest still believes in man. Speculative fiction? Yes, but...

"In part, *The Bridge* is an adventure story. But its accomplishments are much grander than that . . . it is well constructed, rich in language, and characterized by the thematic complexity that distinguishes great fiction."—*Stephen Kosek, Chicago Tribune*[1]

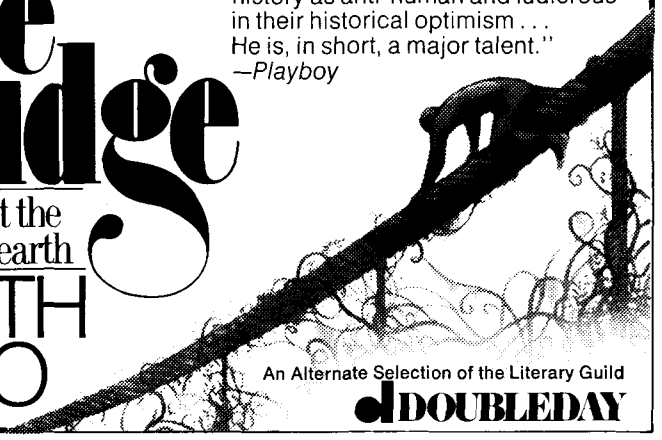
"It is Mano's uncommonly powerful vision that sets him apart from most novelists, young and old. He is a rigorous Christian, a stern anti-Communist and a traditionalist; he sees most of the trends of recent history as anti-human and ludicrous in their historical optimism . . . He is, in short, a major talent."
—*Playboy*

The Bridge

A novel about the last man on earth

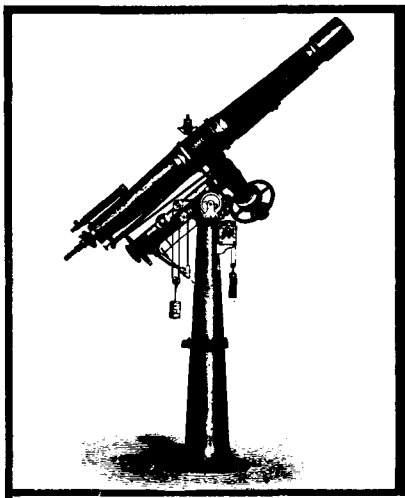
D. KEITH MANO

2. *R. V. Cassill*



An Alternate Selection of the Literary Guild

DOUBLEDAY



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LETTERS

(Continued from page 1146)

this. However, if this were so, how come Padre Pio, St. Francis de Sales, and, I believe, others had the wounds of the stigmata on the palms of their hands and not their wrists?

Needless to say, I'm somewhat confused because, by my logic, both can't be true.

Stamford, Conn. JOHN F. KAYSER

Mrs. Sullivan Replies:

Concerning the stigmata, a quite readable comment is to be found in *It Is the Lord* by Peter M. Rinaldi SDB. "The outward expression of stigmatization is manifold. The stigmata or wounds are far from being always in the same place and with the same characters in the various stigmatics. . . . Stigmatization in certain privileged souls is not therefore to be considered as a historical documentation of the Passion and Death of Christ, but rather as a manifestation of the stigmatic's profound mystical union with the sufferings of the Redeemer."

In answer to Mr. Bolt, the concept of a supposed artificer's utilizing a "gaze-fixation technique" to form the complement of a previously sketched "positive image" so as laboriously to produce a rendering of a "negative image" to be used in a religious exercise presupposes that this alleged artificer, at the very least, 1) had access to an appropriate "model" from which to sketch the positive image in the first place; 2) was psychologically and physically capable of (frequently) checking the work-in-progress; 3) employed a coloring technique which, even under a 7x direct magnification, does not show "evidence of brush strokes, sketched outlines, corrections, the laying on of colors . . ." or "the individual fibers of the thread adhering to one another . . ."; a coloring technique which "was not woven . . . nor impressed . . . for there is an equal penetration of color in the finest interstices of the fabric"; 4) possessed the peculiar capacity to put on the negative image of the body "bloodstains," which have been described as being physiologically accurate in appearance but also having "characteristics of a positive which come out as bright spots in the photographic inversion"; 5) exhibited a cognizance of optics and physiology of the eye by producing on the negative frontal image a lateral reversal or mirror image—where left appears right and right appears left; of course, the supposed previously sketched "positive" image must have shown the complementary reversal on the dorsal image, as can be observed in a comparison of the photographic overviews (*NR*, pp. 786 and 787); 6) anticipating that an accurate determination of the image relationships would go essentially undetected even at a time when,

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in art, the geometrical theory of perspective was being developed; 7) had such an insight into human nature as to be able successfully to pawn off this production of a nude figure on an unsuspecting, unquestioning religious public at some vague point in time.

Photographs of the Shroud of Turin, as our stimulus object, then can be considered in terms of the obvious characteristics or sets of details, the main categories being: 1) the scorched areas, water stains, and repair patches; 2) creases and wrinkles; 3) "bloodstains"; 4) the body image; 5) the cloth itself. Each of these can be examined with regard to: a) nearness, or proximity of elements to each other; b) likeness; c) inclusiveness; d) part-whole relationships, or the context of figure and ground.

Such an approach, though laborious, even tedious, does not impinge upon or conflict with specifics of religious dogma or ethnic custom. And it certainly does not result in the massive migraine one can readily experience with the gaze-fixation maneuver.

Carmel, N.Y. BARBARA M. SULLIVAN

AMA Attacks

The article by Alan Reynolds entitled "The High Cost of Health" [July 20] presents a distorted account of Abraham Flexner's role in improving medical education. Mr. Reynolds impugns Flexner's qualifications, asserting that he had only a BA degree and operated a prep school. In fact Flexner did own a successful prep school but became dissatisfied with his career, closed the doors of the school, and enrolled in Harvard Graduate School. He received an MA from Harvard in 1906 and then enrolled in the University of Berlin for additional training. He later became head of the Institute of Advanced Studies at Princeton.

Flexner had no vested interest in any school, method of teaching, or body of medical beliefs. His work resulted in the creation of an accrediting mechanism to ensure that American physicians would be as well trained as their European counterparts. The fact that American medicine and American medical education today set the standards for the world is due (in large measure) to Abraham Flexner.

In the early 1900s, there were 150 medical schools. Most of them were proprietary and competed with each other for students. They were only too ready to provide a degree for minimal effort. Few of the schools required any pre-medical training beyond high school or its equivalent; in 1905 only five schools required any college preparation for admission. The graduates of the "diploma mills" were what you might expect. In one survey made in the 1890s, some 36 per cent of the physicians in a sample of 1,513 of the best known practitioners had felt

(Continues on page 1194)

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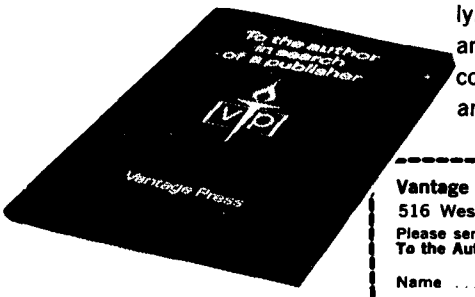

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THE WEEK

■ Somehow or other, Pnompenh hasn't fallen. Would you have believed it? Prompt Senate action surely is called for.

■ Is it true that Communists aren't concerned about the plight of Jews? Of course not. Communists aren't much concerned about Jews in the Soviet Union, but they care about Jews in the rest of the world, especially Chile. On September 29 the *Daily World* had this headline: "Fears stirred for the fate of Jews in Chile," followed by this coolly analytical first line: "Will the Jewish community in Chile be tortured and destroyed by the Chilean fascist junta even as were the German Jews when Hitler came to power?"

■ Charles W. Sandman Jr. is a conservative Republican running for governor of New Jersey, and judging by the reaction of the *New York Times* to his campaign Mr. Sandman must be some kind of superthreat. "A National Coalition of Right-Wingers Strives for a Sandman Victory in Jersey," says the *Times*' headline of an article that lists a number of conservatives and is designed to scare any right-thinking man out of his holy bejeebers and into voting for the Democrat Brendan T. Byrne without pausing to consider such basic issues as taxes, crime, and big government. F. Clifton White, who coached James Buckley's campaign for the Senate, is in charge of the Sandman forces, and thinks his man has a good chance if the money comes in. Charles Sandman's campaign has suffered financial woes resulting from Watergate.

■ The line is long and slow: mothers with their small children, old people, lame people, waiting patiently. Meanwhile younger clients arrive, driving cars they have said they don't own, and shove and shout their way to the front. Fistfights erupt. A few employees try to accommodate the crowd; others are reading, or napping, or taking a leisurely coffee break, or perhaps falsifying work records. What is it? According to a study by the state controller's office, it's a typical New York City welfare center, on a typical day. On the bright side, an efficiency drive by the city's Human Resources Administration has reduced welfare rolls by 87,803 in less than a year, leaving a scant 1,187,466 recipients on the rolls.

■ From the *NR Bulletin*, Oct. 5: "On September 17 Judge Albert Sherman Christensen, sitting in the Federal Circuit Court at Tulsa, Okla. won the cherished prize of any judge worth his robes: a decision that from now forever will be cited under his name in the law books—and in most of them getting a chapter rather than the usual footnote. It was this slight, 67-year-old Mormon from Salt Lake City who, loading his sling with 217 pages of injunctions and orders, made a $357.5 million hit square in the gizzard of the IBM dragon. Within 48 hours the astonished Wall Street spectators, throwing IBM shares on the market, had drained $3.5 billion (billion) away from the funds that shore up nearly every pension, foundation, and mutual fund in the country." On Oct. 9 Judge Christensen conceded he had made "substantial errors" in computing IBM's fines, and said he would re-compute them. IBM stock, meanwhile, had settled down thirty points. A pretty costly mistake if you ask us and millions of considerably poorer IBM stockholders.

■ "Cheap-shot artists are now taking after the Senate Watergate Committee. It is child's play to show that when it comes to investigation, Sam Ervin and his fellow senators are more like Dr. Watson than Sherlock Holmes. But the performance of the Ervin committee has far exceeded the normal congressional standard." Columnist Joseph Kraft, whom we will not call upon to defend *us*, in the unlikely event that we ever need it.

■ Abbie Hoffman has been despised by the Left in recent years because he seemed to have tuned it out, but his recent bust in New York for selling cocaine has smoothed things over. Poet Allen Ginsberg, at least, is impressed and has written to Hoffman's judge: "In time of communal Apathy synchronous with Abbie Hoffman's recent disillusioned withdrawal to private life, Mr. Hoffman is now to be congratulated on an arrest which by its very surprise, its simultaneous whimsicality and seriousness, reunites many of his fellow workers once again to resist the steamroller of police state Power crushing another citizen's body."

Behrendt, *Het Parool*, Amsterdam — Ben Roth

"You shut up!"

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The outbreak of war in the Middle East provoked an outbreak of emotion from Senator J. William Fulbright (D., Ark.), whose seething resentment of Senator Henry Jackson (D., Wash.) is exceeded only by (and is directly related to) his bitter dislike of Israel. In the last three years Senator Jackson has consistently bested Fulbright in Senate battles over foreign policy. The most publicized of these was Jackson's successful battle to add tough language to the measure ratifying the Strategic Arms Limitation Agreement concerning offensive weapons. But in less publicized battles Jackson, Israel's strongest supporter in Congress, has won for Israel aid that Fulbright directly opposed. So on ABC's *Issues and Answers* the day after the war broke out Fulbright poured out his resentment. He charged that 70 per cent of the Senate is controlled by Israel; he implied that "Israel" and "Jews" are, in his lexicon, synonymous; he suggested that the UN be empowered to force Israel back to the borders that prevailed prior to the 1967 war. All this could have some significance next year. Arkansas Governor Dale Bumpers is thinking about challenging Fulbright in the Democratic primary in '74. Bumpers is popular, young, and attractive, and thinks of himself as a dark horse presidential possibility. But he knows that it is dangerous for any Democratic presidential aspirant to offend the "peace" bloc in the Democratic Party. Fulbright, of course, is the hero of that bloc. But as Fulbright's hostility toward Israel becomes more apparent, Bumpers could benefit from an inherent instability in the "peace" bloc, many members of which favor a policy of strong support for Israel. So Bumpers may be able to challenge Fulbright without totally alienating the "peace" Democrats, and he can count on significant campaign contributions from Israel's friends.

■ The Walter Mondale for President Committee does not yet exist, but if it doesn't hurry up and get born the *New York Times* is going to invent it. Twice in one week the *Times* featured Senator Mondale (D., Minn.) in page one stories. One—the sort of story that normally would land on page 67—concerned Mondale's proposal that the "crisis"—what else?—of the "Presidency"—what else?—be met, head on, by a "commission"—what else? The second story concerned a toothless, grandstanding "resolution," drafted by Mondale and duly passed by the Senate, asking the Soviet government to be nicer to its Jewish citizens. Betting here is that Mondale will be on the cover of *Sports Illustrated* before January.

■ WATERGATE RELATED: Not even as smooth an operator as John Connally can cope with the volatile passions loosed by Mr. Agnew's difficulties. The feeling here is that Connally has hurt himself with Republicans by appearing just a bit too content with the problems of Agnew in the weeks just preceding his resignation. It is evident that it is hard for a party newcomer to sense the mood of the party faithful. . . . Another dent has been made in the battered Administration story that its wiretapping was done to stop "national security" leaks. The tap on the telephone of Morton Halperin was placed when Halperin was an assistant to Henry Kissinger. But the tap was left in place when Halperin was working for Senator Edmund Muskie, then a presidential candidate.

■ BRIEFS: Senator Dewey Bartlett (R., Okla.) has endorsed Senator James Buckley's Human Life Amendment, an attempt to roll back the recent Supreme Court decision on abortion. Says Bartlett: "The Supreme Court decision is applauded by some as 'progressive,' but in reality it is regressive, a throwback to the primitive and barbarian past when human life was without innate value. . . . It is for the 'discomforts of pregnancy' that the Court is now willing to sacrifice innocent human life. The right to life is no longer an inalienable right, but a matter of chance." . . . The fighting in the Middle East will further complicate detente. Just as Congress prepares to link trade with liberalized Soviet emigration policies, Soviet arms and ammunition start a war. It now seems probable that all the big U.S.-USSR trade deals will be set back at least a year. . . . Senator Jesse Helms (R., N.C.) will be among those conservatives helping Senator Harry Byrd (D., Va.) filibuster, if necessary, to keep the Administration and its supporters from restoring the ban on imports of Rhodesian chrome. Other senators will be fighting the Administration decision to use credits to sell 120,000 tons of wheat to Chile. . . . The Navy is taking a step that all services will have to take eventually. It is cutting top brass. In the next three years it will cut 11 per cent of its admirals, the first such reduction since 1948. . . . In spite of his troubles, Mr. Nixon will have his eighth veto of the year sustained when he rejects the war powers bill that limits the authority of the President to use military force.

—CATO

■ If Spyros Markezinis wasn't exactly a household word in Greece, he was at least a popular and highly respected politician of many years' standing. Now President George Papadopoulos has chosen him to head Greece's first all-civilian cabinet since the 1967 coup, and Premier Markezinis promises the country will hold its first parliamentary elections in a decade next year. Though many politicians have made a point of boycotting Papadopoulos' regime, it does appear that he really intends, however gingerly, to restore at least a measure of parliamentary government.

■ A commission to prevent sexual discrimination? In England? "Idiocy," snorted Enoch Powell, adding that the only sane response to the proposed commission would be "incredulous belly laughter from one end of the kingdom to the other. Yet so conditioned have we become to fatuity," he went on, "so completely have sense and nonsense changed places, that the whole thing was treated as if it were serious and not as a whimsical joke or unaccountable aberration." And the clincher: "What sort of society is it, and what state of mind is it, to which it appears desirable, or even rational, to attempt to impose equality by compulsion where society is most profoundly differentiated?" Why can't *our* politicians talk like that?

■ According to polls, public approval of Prime Minister

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Sell-Off for the Lord

The World Council of Churches voted overwhelmingly to liquidate its financial stake in all corporations doing business with white-ruled African countries.

—New York Times

They're selling off Johnson & Johnson,
A glamour that's done very well.
They're dumping their oils and their motors,
Although they've been ringing the bell.
Monsanto and Upjohn and Burroughs
Won't stain their portfolio now.
They're sending a message to Beech-nut;
They want Tenneco to kow-tow.
The ruling's the reverend director's—
That's Dr. Eugene Carson Blake.
And since he hates polling his members,
He does it for Jesus' sake.

W. H. von Dreele

Edward Heath's Conservative government has slipped to 31 per cent—which is, without a Watergate, one point *below* President Nixon. But amidst the gathering Tory gloom, one sometimes flickering source of light suddenly illuminated the entire firmament, bringing warmth and hope. With twenty months to go before an election must be held, the militant socialist left of the Labor Party succeeded at the annual Blackpool conference in shaping the party's program and image. Before the cheering and stomping true believers, and no doubt inwardly wincing, Harold Wilson promised the country an enormous extension of government ownership and control. Nationalization would hit ports, North Sea gas and oil, shipbuilding, pharmaceuticals, machine tools, construction companies, absentee-owned farms. Some 80 per cent of the economy would be brought under state management as compared with the present 20 per cent. Commented the British *Spectator*: "It very often seems that these death-wish activists are far more interested in winning over the immortal soul of the Labor Party at its annual conference than in winning over the mere and mortal public at a general election . . . the Conservative Party managers will have at least one excuse to open up the champagne at their own conference the following week."

■ "The cobra fix that the Kremlin has focused on Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and Andrei Sakharov is a challenge to the conscience of the civilized world. These authentic heroes of the Soviet Union are now the last voices of freedom and humanism that we hear from out of the Soviet pit. Thus far they have not been struck down only because their rulers reckon that to do so might provoke an outcry in the West with repercussions damaging to Soviet interests. But if there is now no wide and sustained expression of outrage at the renewed smothering of Andrei Amalrik, the Vishinskiesque trial and perverting of Yakir and Krasin, and the coiled menace to Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn, the Kremlin may be emboldened to lash out to silence once and for all these last pleas for human dignity in Russia. . . . If we must increase trade with the Soviet Union, it would be less indecent for us, in the present circumstances, to indicate that if Moscow wishes to do business (as it does even more than our captains of industry), that its representatives will be received in New York on a strictly business basis—no caviar and champagne sloshing."

John Paton Davies, *Washington Post*, Oct. 8, 1973.

■ It had to happen. There is now, honest, a National Association To Aid Fat Americans, determined to rid the country of discrimination against the overweight in such matters as hiring and college admissions. After all, skinny people get all the exciting jobs (jockeys, *Cosmo* centerfolds, pole vaulters, topless dancers . . .). We trust NAAFA is aware that the contributions of fat people to our history and culture have been seriously neglected, causing inferiority feelings in chubby children who are never introduced to heroes with whom they can identify. The usual history text contains only a brief reference to William Howard Taft, and omits any mention of the cultural roles of Fats Waller, Fatty Arbuckle, Fats Domino, and Watergate's Fat Jack. Most people are still unaware that the first soldier shot in the Spanish-American War was decidedly obese. California universities already offer accredited courses in Homosexual Studies. Why not Fat Studies? Next year we'll tackle the sticky problem of discrimination against the short and the homely.

■ The latest British poll shows a) that 50 per cent of British voters think that Labor will win the next election, but that b) 52 per cent think Labor would run the country badly if elected; which leads to c) reflections on what Englishmen think of each other.

Agnew Resigns

Former Vice President Agnew had—and has—enormous virtues. It is a national as well as a personal tragedy that his public career has come to an untimely end. Mr. Agnew is a man of intellectual courage and political candor. Time and again over the past few years he has articulated truths that needed to be heard, that will not be forgotten, and that perhaps made a permanent difference in American life. He was also one of the few men at the higher echelons of government who had a genuine interest in books and ideas and actively pursued that interest. During his years as Vice President he was, as many can testify, growing intellectually in an impressive way.

His resignation and his public statement confront his situation with characteristic candor. Though he departs from the political scene, nothing is more certain than that Mr. Agnew will in some other realm continue to contribute to American life. The editors of *NR* wish him well in his time of troubles, and in the future as in the past will regard him as a friend.

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Mideast Opportunity

The Egyptian and Syrian commanders who flung their forces across Suez and at the Golan Heights did not have *NR*'s publication deadline in mind, and therefore we go to press with the military situation anything but clear. Israeli air superiority, however, plus other qualitative military factors, makes us reasonably sure that the Israelis will more than hold their own. Beyond the current cannon smoke, however, some basic points can be discerned:

1. Since the Six Day War and the subsequent ceasefire, zero progress has been made toward a negotiated settlement in the Middle East. Many here, and perhaps even President Sadat, reasoned that with the expulsion of the Soviets from Egypt, and with the election of President Nixon, some diplomatic movement would be possible. None occurred. Israel, moreover, gave every indication of her intention to hold onto the territories seized in the Six Day War, establishing settlements thereon and carrying out extensive construction projects.

2. Given this set of circumstances, President Sadat could suppose that he had much to gain from the present attack. If—a very large if—the Arab forces could merely avoid being routed, if, for example, they could fight on in the Sinai for a week or so, the diplomatic situation might well be transformed. Pressure would mount for big-power intervention to end the fighting and arrive at some kind of accommodation. Such intervention has always been opposed by Israel: The rubric has been "no imposed solution." Obviously, with the big powers taking a hand, the Arabs would be likely to get something, rather than the present nothing.

3. What President Sadat risks, of course, is that his armies will collapse, the Israelis strike deep into Egypt, and then use that further penetration as a point from which to negotiate their way back to a permanent boundary at the ceasefire line.

4. The permanent frustration of the Arabs may be an understandable Israeli goal; they, after all, are in possession of the disputed territory. But it is by no means clear that U.S. and Israeli interests coincide on this point. Short of our seizing Libya and Kuwait and taking over their oil resources, some accommodation of Arab goals would certainly seem indicated U.S. policy. It would be very hard, for example, to construct an argument that it is in the U.S. interest for Israel to retain every inch of territory gained in the Six Day War. Nor would some arrangement rule out eminently defensible Israeli frontiers.

5. The present fighting, therefore, may provide a valuable diplomatic opportunity. The U.S. and the Common Market countries, and perhaps even the Soviet Union, have a demonstrable interest in a Middle Eastern accommodation. The Soviets just possibly might be brought along through some process of "linkage." Despite the carnage in the foreground, the fighting may provide the opportunity to remove the boundaries dispute from the parochial perspectives of Cairo and Tel Aviv and assert an international interest in an accommodation.

The Trial of Ivan Dissentovich

If you think being a Soviet intellectual is easy, think of poor Ivan Dissentovich who was standing by himself on a Moscow street corner last month when he got arrested for illegal assembly.

Since Soviet law forbids holding an accused person for longer than 312 years unless specific charges are brought against him, he was charged and sentenced for woolgathering.

Contrary to capitalist propaganda, open trials are an everyday occurrence in the Soviet Union and Ivan's trial was a fine example. Members of the international press were invited: the *Basque Bugle*, the *Esperanto Monthly*, the *Sanscrit Saviour*. In fact, only one correspondent was denied entrance; he was from the San Marino Press Service and it was found that he was literate.

At the trial a number of other impressive charges were brought against Dissentovich.

1. In a soccer game three months ago in which he was playing, a member of the secret police who was playing outside left-ringer for the opposing team threw a harmless .45 caliber block at Ivan who was thereby forced out of bounds. This constitutes, by law, anti-Soviet propaganda.

2. He was accused of having used a highly revisionist pawn to king's rook four opening in a chess game in 1949.

3. His stamp collection was charged with containing a stamp bearing the image of a "a person or persons in a pose which may or may not be construed as reflecting a three-quarter facial view of socialist realism."

4. His latest book, *Your Radishes and You*, was accused of being "dogmatically unsound, doggedly reactionary and dog-eared on page 124." Being allowed to speak in his own defense, Ivan ran off a string of good one-liners. He spoke of liberty, freedom of speech, and the dignity of man. When asked where he had picked up rubbish like that, he said it was from the Soviet Constitution, at which point the judge, jury, and janitor reminded himself to pick up some toilet paper on the way home that night.

Ivan Dissentovich was sentenced to a lunatic asylum, which has one advantage: There are now so many dissident intellectuals in the asylum that it is soon to be accredited as a university. JEFF MATTHEWS

Reagan's Tax Amendment

The voters of California will decide on Governor Ronald Reagan's tax-limiting amendment—"Proposition One"—when they go to the polls on November 6. This vote possesses enormous significance for the future of American life, and, in particular, for the future of the middle class. Profoundly antagonistic assumptions are at issue.

Proposition One is based on the assumption that there exists no metaphysical necessity for the individual to

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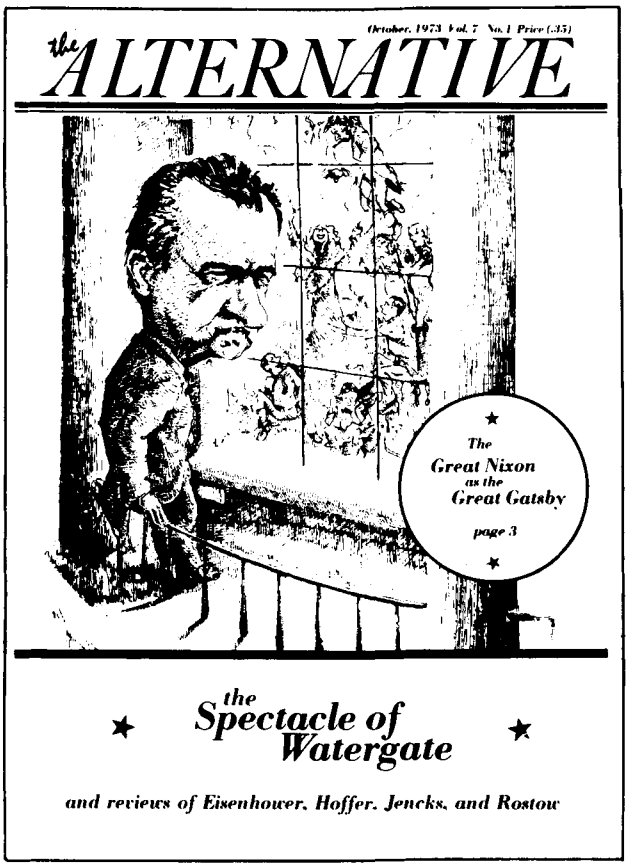
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Consider some of The Alternative's regular features:

- **Letter from a Whig** and **The Nation's Pulse** by The Alternative's two Washington correspondents give incisive reviews of what the frauds are up to on the banks of the Potomac. The first gives readers the serious side of Washington. The second discusses the more commonplace, that is to say the ridiculous side.

- **The Public Policy**—Peter Rusthoven reviews the state of our knowledge of issues which shape the public policy.

- **The Great American Column**—C. H. Simonds, our Americana Editor, takes a look at pop culture.

- **The Continuing Crisis**—a now reflective, now unnerving summary of the past month's momentous events.

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spend an ever-increasing percentage of his income on taxes. We are not talking here about "abolishing the income tax." We are talking about placing a limit, *some* limit, on personal taxation. It is true that the amendment would reduce the ceiling slightly and gradually, but the issue of *some* limit is really the nub of the matter.

The opposition to the amendment is rooted in groups whose power and perquisites can expand *only if taxes continue to rise*. We have thus had a vigorous campaign in California by teachers' associations, state employees' groups of every kind, etc. Reagan merely proposes to put some limit on the proportional expansion of their domain. They—or more accurately, their spokesmen—want an ever increasing slice of the pie.

Reagan's amendment also poses a sharp challenge to previously powerful ideological preferences. The Galbraiths of the world, and the McGoverns, desire to aggrandize the "public sector"—i.e., specific occupational groups and various programs—at the expense of the "private sector," i.e., such money as is yet not under public control. Even in principle, they set no limits to this aggrandizement.

Undoubtedly there exists a "tipping point," a degree of expansion of the public sector, which would transform the American system. The California governor stands athwart a powerful historical tendency, and potent forces are ranged against him. The indications so far, however, are that he has the people on his side, although in recent weeks the polls have shown a decline in the pro-Proposition One sentiment.

Early Book: '76

Three years before the election campaign the contest for the Republican nomination is already well under way. This early movement is not really novel: The pursuit of the modern Presidency increasingly involves long-range planning. John F. Kennedy's campaign began in 1956. The Goldwater movement was born in 1960. Richard Nixon must have been the loneliest long-distance runner of them all. But this year the various candidacies have surfaced rather earlier than otherwise might have been expected, because the current disarray at the White House focuses attention on the future.

Herewith, therefore, the early running:

1. *Agnew*. As we go to press, scratch one.

2. *Connally*. His recent San Diego appearance before a Republican and largely conservative audience, in the heart of Reagan country, was a stunning success, and he is following it up with a seventy-day speaking tour. Connally is no closet economist; he has a shrewd grasp of the nexus between politics, power, and economics. He has the aura, at least, of being able to hold his own in the international diplomatic arena. No one who has seen Connally in action has any doubt about his abilities, least of all Nixon, who seems to be in awe of him. In spite of much talk to the contrary, if Nixon puts forward his name for Vice President, Congress would have trouble rejecting him: an obviously able former Democratic governor of Texas who was in JFK's car in Dallas. Connally has liabilities from the New Majority perspective: his image as a Texas wheeler dealer and fat cat, an image enhanced by those $300 suits.

3. *Rockefeller*. He is attempting a reprise of Nixon's 1966-68 strategy, only in the opposite direction. Nixon, having secured Goldwater, Tower, and Thurmond, and having nailed down most of the Right, moved skillfully to conciliate the center and the liberals. Rockefeller, the archetypal Eastern liberal, has been moving toward the right and may be more acceptable than in the past to the mainstream of the party. His tough drug law is a masterstroke, whether it works or not. He has always been sound on defense. His campaign will never run out of money. But he does have liabilities. His pro-abortion stand could hurt him with the Catholics and ethnics necessary to the New Majority. Longtime Rockefeller watchers also note: his perennial inability to put together a national organization, his startling lapses in political touch, especially at the grass-roots level, and his sometimes erratic preconvention behavior.

4. *Reagan*. Easily the best speaker among the major contenders. Evans and Novak have called him their "winter book favorite for '76." Approaching the end of his second term as governor, he has wide support in the state. He has solid presidential support in the South and Southwest and will of course control the large California delegation. Watch for the Nov. 6 vote on his tax-limiting constitutional amendment, which could prove a historic turning point in American politics. If it passes, Reagan could become a middle-American hero, The Man Who Stood in the Tax Collector's Door. He could begin his winter speaking tour with enormous momentum. Reagan's chief liability remains the impression that he is not sophisticated about foreign affairs—but that could hardly hurt him in a race against Kennedy or Mondale.

5. *Percy*. A landslide winner in Illinois, Percy is the Liberal Hope this year. Paradoxically, he is aided by Nixon's 1972 landslide, in which all the major industrial states went Republican. In 1972, the liberals lost the

Sleeping Beauty

I have a dream. (No, not *that* dream.)
I'm weaving something real extreme,
When suddenly I prick my thumb
And wind up absolutely numb.
Three years and six months, there I sit.
I do not move one itsy-bit.
An ivy winds about my nose,
And though I do not decompose,
My face would definitely not
Excite the Lady of Shalott.
Then someone mutters, "What a mess."
(The magic words, you wonder? Yes.)
I shake hands, rising like a tent,
With Ronald Reagan, President.

W. H. von Dreele

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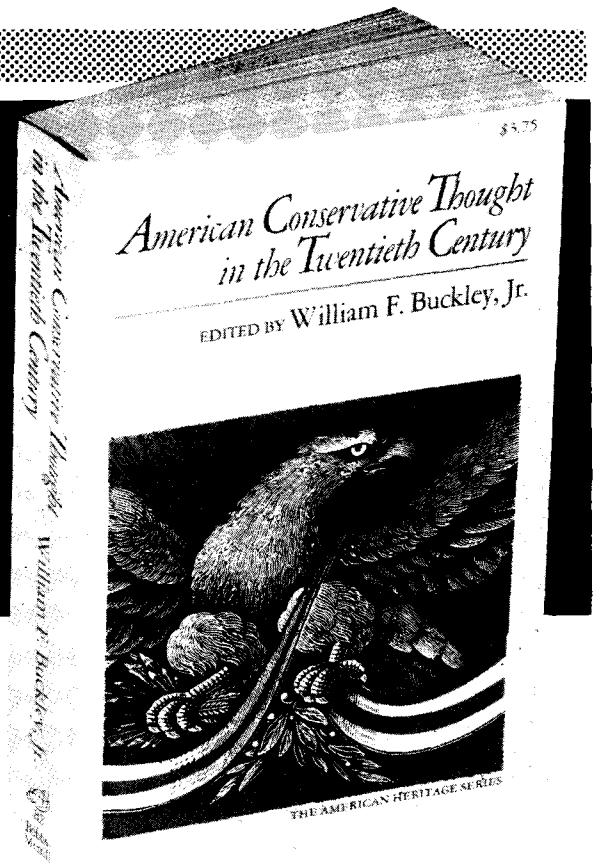
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delegate apportionment fight at Miami, but in 1976, the large states will be well represented at the convention. Percy also comes across as Mr. Clean in the wake of Watergate—the man who could not get by the front door of the Haldeman White House. Polls show him beating Teddy. Most Republican pros doubt the durability of his appeal and see him as going against the historic evolution of the Party. Percy's candidacy helps Rockefeller, making him appear conservative by contrast.

On the Democratic side, Teddy Kennedy remains inevitable if he is willing to risk target status. Sen. Henry Jackson will run a much better prepared race this time, but is unacceptable to the still strong McGovernite left. The *New York Times*, meanwhile, is trying to launch Sen. Walter Mondale (see Cato), after its recent successes with McGovern, Badillo, and Blumenthal.

Chilean Economics In One Lesson

Reports on "the death of democracy" in Chile have tended to downplay the economic factor. Inflation exceeded 300 per cent, officially, and black market (free market) prices rose higher still. No nation has ever withstood such a hyperinflation without severe political upheaval. The Chilean currency must now be devalued by 1,000 per cent. Foreign debts are a record $3.5 billion. Farm production is down to the 1936 level, though population has doubled since then. "Shortages" is a euphemism: A visiting UN economist tells, for example, of a pregnant relative in Chile who begged him to send anaesthetic, which is unavailable at any price.

Allende himself, however, managed to maintain a well-stocked larder. His political friends were packed by the thousands into useless office jobs, drastically reducing the productivity of vital industries like copper (which accounts for nearly 80 per cent of Chile's foreign exchange earnings).

But the new government also continues to attack the symptoms of inflation—with wage controls combined with food subsidies—without mentioning the 600 per cent increase in the money supply under Allende. Any sort of controls under that much monetary pressure can only aggravate distortions and shortages. Other new developments are more sensible: Tariffs are to be phased out, farm and other prices will be allowed to rise, expropriation of private farms will cease, and the military leaders are trying to assure foreigners that future investments in Chile will be safe.

In any case, the new government in Chile is saddled with a legacy of political and economic chaos that must be calmed before democratic abstractions can have much meaning or chance of success. Chilean Foreign Minister Ismael Huerta recently addressed the UN: "It is one thing, gentlemen," he said, "to evaluate a foreign experience from afar, seated in comfortable armchairs or in discussion around a well-served table. It is quite another to live it."

Back from McGovernism

There was always something un-American about the Democratic Party's '72 quota system, even as there was something un-American about George McGovern. What was un-American about Mr. McGovern was that he brought the quotas to the Democrats, and for that and other perceived asininities he was soundly not elected. What is un-American about quotas is that they deny the theory of representation on which American politics have operated, successfully, for generations.

A drafting committee of the Democratic Party, having perceived that particular truth, has scrapped the McGovern system, which called for representation of women by women and of minorities by members of minority groups "in reasonable relationship" to their presence in the population. The new guidelines, adopted unanimously by the committee and expected to be accepted by the Democratic Party, call for the participation of women and minorities "as indicated by their presence in the Democratic electorate."

The difference? Primarily symbolic. "In reasonable relationship" has some useful meaning; "as indicated" probably has none. But everybody knows . . . knows that whatever "as indicated" does mean, it does not mean "in reasonable relationship," and so what the new wording symbolizes is: The McGovern formula has been discarded even as its proponent was. The changing of the wording does not indicate a retreat by the Democratic Party because McGovern's formula never indicated an advance by the party as a whole. The party will be stronger in '76, not so much as a result of the change but as another result of that which caused the change. Nevertheless, Republicans—all Americans—may applaud this abandonment by the Democrats of the quota system, even as they work for the elimination of quotas from other aspects of the American national scene.

Common Cause?

Professor Ralph K. Winter of the Yale Law School recently was asked by the Fairfield County (Conn.) League of Women Voters to speak about campaign financing before a public meeting sponsored by the League and other civic groups. A few days after he accepted the invitation, however, it was abruptly retracted—because, it transpired, Common Cause, one of the co-sponsors, found his views objectionable, and refused to sponsor the meeting if he was to be the main speaker.

Nothing in the advertising of the event had suggested that Professor Winter, a conservative, would be speaking on behalf of any of the sponsors, including Common Cause, which in any case was to be represented on the panel that was to comment after his speech. He was to be heard merely as an informed citizen, whose competence and independence were not at issue, however con-

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How Dione Lucas (of Cordon Bleu fame) came to create the most remarkable knife in the world. A knife you can now own.

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I am told by my friends who pride their cooking, that this is just that—a remarkable knife that brings a new celebration to cooking. Its balance is such, its blade so acute, that with a small flick, you can pare fat from the shank of meat.

That, some remember, is exactly how gourmet great, Dione Lucas, came to create this remarkable knife.

Her recipe for Supreme de Volaille called for carefully removing all the fat from the tender meat.

A trace of fat would cause the sauce supreme to spot. "You have ruined my Volaille," she said. For no knife satisfied her with its truth of edge.

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How can such confidence be placed in what would appear to be a simple knife?

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Then there is the balance I spoke of. When you lift the knife, you will note it is lighter than an ordinary knife. This is because the knife is so perfectly balanced, that it does not need added weight to help it cut! This balance, in your hand, makes possible an accuracy of cut you have never before known. A certainty of cut quite unique in any cooking experience you may have had.

I make no pretense of low price for this knife. It is not, by any means, the world's most inexpensive knife set. Yet when you consider it as a lifetime investment, its value takes real meaning.

A set of 4 of these knives is $14.98.

Were it to be sold for less, the very qualities that make this knife so supreme, would have to be lessened.

And these knives have been subjected to extreme tests to assure their quality.

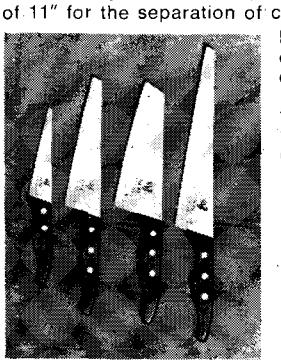
A one pound ball has been dropped on this from 6 feet to test the strength of the Rosewood handle.

A weight of 20 pounds was suspended on the blade to test its tensile strength.

A ham bone was used in extensive tests to determine the resistance of the blade to nicking.

In every case, the quality of this remarkable Dione Lucas knife stood firm.

There are four knives in the set. One of 8½" for vegetable paring. One of 11½" for the wafer thin slicing of bread and such. One of 14¼" for the carving of roasts. And a cleaver of 11" for the separation of chickens and such.



Because this is such a unique ownership, I am including with each set of these knives, four recipes of Cordon Bleu teacher, Dione Lucas, where the use of her knives is quite critical to the outcome of the recipe. (Including her recipe for Supreme de Volaille.)

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troversial his views. Why, then, should Common Cause, which calls itself a "citizen's lobby," advertises itself as nonpartisan, and professes its desire to remove pressure groups and furtive influence from public life—why should Common Cause prevent Winter from speaking?

So, *NR* phoned Common Cause. According to an official there, CC did *not* "prevent" him from speaking; it merely served notice on the League of Women Voters that it would be "embarrassed" to be publicly associated with an occasion whose principal speaker held such views as Winter's. A distinction, we think, without a difference—but fair enough. No one is obliged to promote the expression of opinions to which he takes sharp exception—though it is worth noting that the position Professor Winter had planned to argue (namely, that some restrictions on political contributions violate the First Amendment) can hardly be considered beyond the pale.

Still, all this having been acknowledged, one thing is clear: No forum sponsored by Common Cause should be confused with a free exchange of ideas.

Beatrice and Sidney Revisited

"After luncheon, we were joined in the course of the afternoon by Sir Stafford Cripps, another member of the Potter clan, accompanied by the chairman of his constituency (Bristol East) Labor Party, whose name Mrs. Webb made little effort to discover. . . . We began with participatory democracy, which, the Webbs insisted, was perfectly exemplified in the system of representation laid down in the Soviet Constitution. As they elaborated upon this theme, I could see that Sokolnikov [the Soviet ambassador] was trying to say something; his lips were moving and his hands gripping the sides of his chair. By the time he managed to get the words out against the Webbs' duet—like a muted trombone and a particularly shrill flute—he was understood to say that his country made no bones about being a . . . Even then he could not bring himself to say it in English. So he tried it in French . . . a *dictature*. The word caused a stir even in French; Webb paused in midsentence, and then changed direction, going on to point out that, like the Roman Catholic Church, the Soviet system was hierarchical. This parallel with the Church, equating Commissars in the Politburo with Cardinals in the Consistory, got over any awkwardness the ambassador's hasty remark might have occasioned.

"We did go and see the Sokolnikovs at their flat in Moscow. The purges were looming, and there had been rumors of his arrest. The poor fellow looked very nervous and shifty, and there was a noticeable greenish tinge in his sallow face. He kept glancing anxiously over his shoulder as though at some invisible intruder. With one of the most mirthless smiles I have ever seen, he remarked over tea that, if the capitalist press was to be believed, he was languishing in the Lubianka Prison. Did he look like it? he asked, getting his teeth into a chocolate eclair. Alas, he did, and I was not surprised to hear, in due course, that he had been liquidated, not even being considered important enough for rehabilitation when the climate of opinion changed under Khrushchev." (Malcolm Muggeridge, *Chronicles of Wasted Time: The Green Stick*, pp. 208-9)

W. H. Auden, R I P

W. H. Auden was not the successor to T. S. Eliot, though it was customary during the 1930s to hail him as such, usually with cries of relief at thus being delivered from Canterbury and Arch Reaction. Nor, among other twentieth century poets, was his achievement on the scale

"Whimper. . . ."

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of that of Yeats or Pound. His undoubted skill in using a variety of stanza forms and meters, his often brilliant employment of the vernacular, his introduction of notions from Freud or Jung or Rilke, all of this, however interesting, was not at all the same kind of thing as Pound's astonishing technical inventiveness. It is enough to say that Auden wrote a handful of poems that will endure, produced them, from time to time, early and late, over the entire range of his career, whether one thinks of his fine elegy of Yeats or his later masterpiece, "In Praise of Limestone." When Auden was at less than his best, which was frequent enough, the trouble, as F. R. Leavis once remarked, was that his verse did not itself seem to know how seriously it ought to be taken.

As a presence on the contemporary scene, as a presence in the lives of those coming of age during the late 1930s, Auden was—surprising though the term will at first seem—Byronic; though Byronic in a distinctive twentieth century way. A poem like "September 1, 1939" purports to deal with dire events, nothing less than the end of Western civilization, yet at the same time it strikes one as indescribably romantic, *à la* Humphrey Bogart in *Casablanca*: *"I sit in one of the dives/ On Fifty-second Street/ Uncertain and afraid/ As the clever hopes expire/ Of a low dishonest decade . . . Defenseless under the night/ Our world in stupor lies. . . ."* Though for some reason Auden excluded this famous poem from his later collection, the same Byronism is recognizable again and again in the early and middle Auden; it asks little enough of the reader, but it has its own energy and charm. Recall his famous poem "Spain 1937":

Today the makeshift consolations; the shared cigarette;
The cards in the candle-lit barn and the scraping concert,
The masculine jokes; today the
Fumbled and unsatisfactory embrace . . .

Byronic, too, are the many love lyrics, some of which will last, their beauty not in the least affected by our awareness of Auden's open homosexuality: *"Lay your sleeping head, my love,/ Human on my faithless arm. . ."*

Auden's insouciance was well known, and though anecdotes illustrating it are easy to come by, one perhaps is less well known and deserves to be preserved. A number of years ago, Auden was to deliver an evening lecture at Dartmouth. At the obligatory cocktail party beforehand, however, Auden greatly overdid it. When he ascended to the platform he tripped over the upper step, his sheaf of pages scattering across the stage. Auden was far too fuddled to get the pages back into the proper order, so he scooped them up and read them in any order, clearly and with fine articulation, much to the mystification of his audience.

The early Auden believed that, once the battle against the "fascists" and "the old gang" had been won, we would build what he liked to call "the Just City." As time went on, however, the Just City receded for him, surrounded by dark ambiguities. It certainly had not risen under the hand of Stalin, or Clement Attlee, or Roosevelt. For Auden Marx gave way to the more pessimistic emphases of Freud, then, more recently, to Kierkegaard and Niebuhr. Auden the Progressive became the older Auden, with that incredibly lined face, steeped in an awareness of human fallibility and the limitations imposed by history. Such an awareness produced in his verse a special note of tenderness—not asking too much, valuing what there is; and also a civilized wit reminiscent of eighteenth century light verse. And it is I think as a civilized man—if not, like Eliot or Pound, a civilizing force—that Auden will be remembered:

Thou shalt not live within thy means
Nor on plain water and raw greens.
If thou must choose
Between the chances, choose the odd;
Read The New Yorker, *trust in God;*
And take short views.

J. HART

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Knowing that you, as an Augustan and a conservative of fine pedigree, have mastered the art of self-discipline, I write to you for guidance: I am a recent graduate CBA in English—as Russell Kirk has informed you, that's a Bachelor of Attendance, who now works nightly as a washboard player—that's a musician, not a laundryman. Now on my night off each week I stage an all-night reading marathon to prepare for the Graduate Record Examination on which they (the unknown testers) are likely to ask one anything, except why literature is written and read. But dammit, you sidetrack me: I find your books and magazine more interesting than Swinburne or Whitman. So, I ask your opinion:

1. Am I aberrant, or are your writings more interesting than Swinburne's and Whitman's?

2. Should I continue into the higher levels of English literature (i.e., PMLA monologues); should I try to gain recognition for graduate studies on your books and essays; or should I develop my percussive abilities on new instruments, e.g., bathtub plugs, unrecycled tin cans, stacks of NATIONAL REVIEW, etc?

And if you cannot, or choose not, to answer 1) and 2), at least answer 3)—I am confident you will because D. Keith Mano writes that you answer personally about 90 per cent of your voluminous mail, and since all my other letters to you have been sent on to sister Jane, I calculate that today you will reply to my letter and send the next guy's to sister Jane. So:

3. On page 37 of *Cruising Speed* you say Professor Hugh Kenner knows and told you the meaning of the

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legend on Yeats' tombstone, but you do not pass on the arcanum. Is this because Mr. Kenner refused you permission to use it because he himself is saving it for the PMLA? If so, I drop academia in favor of the washboard. If not, please tell me, so I can stop trying to figure out that damn legend and get on to Sidney Lanier or somebody. And if you don't, at least send me a picture postcard of the coffee machine in NATIONAL REVIEW's office with a list of books on the back in which I might find the answer; but I won't stop reading your books instead of Swinburne's. I may carry injured vanity to perverse lengths, but I'm not stupid.

Sincerely,
James Viator
New Orleans, La.

P.S. And while you're at it, could you explain in 25 words or less one of your quotes, or refer me to someone who can? I came across it in *Quotations from Chairman Bill*: "The minimum wage law is an instrument by which the middle class worker, precisely at the expense of the poor, effects a redistribution of income to his benefit." *Merci.*

Dear Mr. Viator: 1) My writings are less interesting than Whitman's, and much less interesting than Swinburne's. 2) Yes, of course. You should plug my books on every occasion in every way. 3) I reproduced it in my letter to Gene Tunney in Notes and Asides (Oct. 22, 1971). 4) It means that any increase in the minimum wage hurts the poor and helps the less poor. *Pas de quoi.* —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I thought you might enjoy Jonathan Herz's graduation speech at Fenn School, a local independent boys' day school which ends at the eighth grade.

With very best wishes,
Sincerely,
David E. Sheldon
Headmaster, Middlesex School
Concord, Mass.

The Highway of Life
June 1973

I spent all night working on this speech (holds up papers), but I realize now that it is inappropriate. I cast it aside. (He does.) Instead I will use *this* speech.

You young Eighth graders are at a crossroads, a turning point. Ahead lies life's highway. At times it may be smooth, easy to take. This, by the way, reminds me of a somewhat amusing story (smiles). Perhaps I should say very amusing (giggles). In fact it's downright hilarious (guffaws; finally recovers). I don't think I'd better tell this story right now.

At times your road may be bumpy. You may have to call upon your road contractors to help you out. These contractors may be your parents or teachers or close friends. Perhaps you will use the tools that Fenn has given you to smooth out your road, the tools of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Pay close attention to the signs on your road of life. Go neither too fast nor too slow. For if you do, you will get busted by the cop of life and get thrown into the can of life.

Keep in good physical condition or your road will have soft shoulders. Cry seldom, for your road is slippery when wet.

A few days ago I spanked my son for playing with firecrackers. He ran to his room crying. I followed him and found him lying on his bed, face down. "Son," I said, "those things are dangerous. I spanked you because I didn't want you to get hurt. Don't you understand? I love you."

He looked up at me with eyes that said he understood. He rested his head against my shoulder and dropped a firecracker in my breastpocket.

I now quote the writing of William Shakespeare: "The rabblemen clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty nightcaps."

Now I want you to put yourselves in third and begin your long trek. And perhaps as you ride in the Cadillac of luxury, the MG of excitement, or the Jeep of adventure you will think back to your golden Fenn years. You will hum the Alma Mater and, perhaps, wipe a tear from your eye.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Following up on the item [*NR*, August 31] concerning HEW pr . . . how about a person to person call to me from San Francisco, who was calling for the assistant to the assistant Public Affairs Director, who wanted to know the name of the producer of one of our shows, so he could get one of his people on the show. During his previous person to person call to me, I gave him the name, but he forgot it.

If I ran this department like that, I'd be fired. By you, incidentally.

Regards and Aloha,
Don Rockwell
News Director
KITV, Honolulu

■ As we go to press, we learn of the loss, at the age of 92, of one of the most original and influential thinkers of this or any century—a man who carried the torch of liberty through many dark and lonely corridors. Among the many enduring masterpieces of Ludwig von Mises are *The Theory of Money and Credit*, *Socialism*, and of course *Human Action*. No brief account can do justice to the sweeping vision and monumental achievements of this great economist and philosopher. Accordingly, we will present, in the next issue, the appreciation of some of Mises' distinguished colleagues and students, here and abroad: Friedrich Hayek, Henry Hazlitt, Israel Kirzner, and Lawrence Fertig.

—WFB

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DIRTY TRICKS—PART II

Forgive him, Mother, for Miles Copeland has undertaken to tell us what CIA is all about; why 'intelligence' and 'espionage' are different, what the term 'agent' really means, and why things may just be looking up

There's a CIA in Your Future

MILES COPELAND

BESIDES THE *Encyclopedia Britannica*, a complete set of the works of Dickens, and autographed copies of *The Jeweler's Eye*, *The Four Quartets*, and *On Being a Real Person*, Mother's floor-to-ceiling bookshelves contain every known book on spies and counterspies, with the latest ones especially in evidence—from Wise and Ross's *The Invisible Government* to a book by somebody named Fletcher Proutty propounding a theory that the President of the United States, the Secretary of Defense, the Secretary of State, and the Director of CIA comprise a "secret team" which runs the affairs of the country. Why such a library? "We have to read all this stuff to understand what everybody says about us," explained Mother.

Until the top people at CIA started reading what the outside world thought about spies and spying they had to face their critics in bewildered silence, not having the faintest idea what they were talking about. "Is it true," some senator once asked Frank Wisner when he was head of the CIA's covert services, "that in every American embassy you have at least one agent?" Frank thought the senator was implying that the CIA spied on the State Department. "No, senator," he said, "We only put agents in embassies of Communist countries."

Image Problem

Then he realized that the senator was talking about regular employees, not agents, and he had to explain that he would promptly fire any of his employees who got themselves directly involved in "agent" work, i.e., spying. The senator, whose information came from popular books on spies, didn't believe him. "Okay," said Mother, "so

now when some congressman or newspaperman speaks of our employees as 'agents' we know what they mean, and we don't fight it. But it does inconvenience our image."

A "convenient" image, it appears, is all the Agency seeks. Angus Thuermer, the CIA's public relations officer, despite all his Shelley Berman chatter is a very tough hombre and is the only official in the Administration I have met who doesn't feel he has to apologize for the Agency.

He can defend the Agency's actions in Vietnam, Laos, and elsewhere in such a way as to convince almost anyone whose mind is not totally closed. But, aside from the fact that none of the newsmen he sees feels inclined to report what he says ("It's bad taste these days to go around saying nice things about the CIA," a Washington columnist told me), the Agency itself holds him back. His job is not to give the CIA a happy-making institutional image such as is sought by Coca-Cola or General Motors, but to pass on to the general public an understanding which will silence those critics who play to the galleries, and to young people a picture of Agency work which will make them suspect that the CIA might not be such a bad place to be employed.

Recruiting Good Guys

So long as the Agency can hold onto its best personnel and recruit high quality replacements, say its top officers, it can ride out the post-Watergate storm and then put itself through the organizational overhaul it has long needed. Recruitment, they say, is the main problem. The campus disturbances of the past few years have helped enormously ("anything those creeps are against, I'm *for*," a Columbia law student told a CIA recruiter after having to karate chop his way through a jeering crowd to make the interview), but the constant harping on the CIA's alleged misdemeanors by supposedly responsible adults does plant doubts in the minds of young people of the sort the Agency needs. Senator Church may not be a great statesman, but he *is* a senator, and when he flailed out at the CIA because its officers had actually *talked* to ITT executives some of the Agency's recruits awaiting security clearances dropped out before the clearances were completed.

On the face of it, the Agency's concern over ITT's problems was clear enough. A Soviet-backed candidate was about to become President of Chile, to confiscate all American assets in the

Mr. Copeland's Spies and Counter-spies *will be brought out in the spring by Simon and Schuster.*

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country, including those of ITT, and to make his capital a base for anti-American activity throughout Latin America. In asking the help of the U.S. Government ITT was doing exactly what any American victim of such developments would be expected to do. But with a democratically elected senator raising a fuss, the youngsters reasoned, there must have been more to the affair than met the eye. The insistence of other congressmen that the CIA's attempts to identify our country's enemies and learn about their activities somehow reflect a "Gestapo mentality" or result from the "pressures of Big Business" has scared off even more—all on the grounds that "the congressmen *must* know something we don't."

Intelligence v. *Espionage*

My Agency friends tell me that they are toying with the idea of coming into the open to explain, mainly to young people, just what the intelligence business is all about, and what role the Agency is supposed to play in it. While the era of Nixonmania lasts, however, I doubt that any program to educate the public on the CIA will get past the idea stage. Therefore, during this "sorting out period," as Mother and the others call it, if the story is to be told it can only be told by a knowledgeable outsider such as myself. Here (forgive me, Mother) goes.

First, the layman should be made to understand that "intelligence" and "espionage" are not synonymous. "Intelligence," a CIA training manual says, "is looking before you leap." A market survey is one form of intelligence; an ordinary map of New York City is another. So is looking out of the window to see what the weather is like before you decide what to wear to the office. Intelligence is anything you do, any information you take into consideration, in order to maximize your chances of doing the right thing—or, more important, to avoid the wrong. Only to the extent that you *spy* to get the information you need are you engaged in espionage. But most people—and most corporations and governments—learn most of what they need to know without having to spy.

The CIA is no exception. As an intelligence organization, it does for the United States Government what organizations of other names do for business concerns. It resorts to espionage to about the same extent that business organizations resort to it—or perhaps less, if we are to believe accounts of recent industrial espionage scandals. Specifically, the CIA's espionage unit contributes about 5 per cent of the material which goes into the U.S. Government's highest level intelligence summaries, and about one tenth of 1 per cent of the total quantity of material on which these summaries are based. One satellite in a single turn of the globe amasses more "intelligence information" (i.e., raw information which is processed into "finished intelligence") than the CIA's spies collect in a month. So what does the CIA employee do in the course of a day's work? "We read newspapers," was the truthful answer of an Agency staff member who was being interviewed by someone writing an article for a magazine.

It is CIA policy to use espionage only in quest of information which is indispensable to national security, and which cannot be adequately obtained by other means. The CIA's spies sometimes acquire information which does not meet these qualifications, but only as a byproduct of operations designed to get information which does meet them. More often, it gets non-essential—and often useless—information from sources developed in the course of its passive "political action" programs. A prime minister of some African or Asian country decides for some reason—just possibly for the reason that he thinks he is doing what is best for his country—that he wants to stand against the anti-American currents which surround him, but he feels he needs insurance. After some weeks of fencing with the American ambassador, he is turned over to the CIA "station chief"—for the reason that the CIA has facilities, and the State Department does not, for setting up Swiss bank accounts, arranging for hasty departures in case of emergency, and providing all the other elements of insurance needed to bolster the courage of a straight-thinking prime minister. In the course of arranging all this, the CIA officer who is in contact with him gets a continuing flow of political information, most of which is concerned with reasons why the man is behaving as he is. As time goes on, and as the prime minister gains confidence, the supply of information is put on a regular basis, and the prime minister is, from that time on, an "agent"—although not one reporting information which, strictly speaking, is indispensable to national security and which cannot be obtained by other means.

If the CIA's espionage service is larger than its officers would like it to be (apart from operations in Indochina, it has 15 per cent of the Agency's total personnel, and 25 per cent of the budget), it is not because of genuine, conventional espionage operations, but because of the political action activities with which it has been saddled.

In the Communist countries and throughout the Third World the CIA has hundreds of cabinet ministers, government officials, and leading politicians on its payroll, all seeking "insurance." Some of them are valuable as agents, many are not—especially those who do not gain in confidence, and who decide that they need *re*insurance from the other side. All the same, keeping the doors open to the government leaders and politicians of these countries is regarded as a necessary practice in a world where, whether or not it suits our democratic principles, tremendous pressures are exerted from the other side. Every CIA station chief complains about the deadwood on his payroll, but he is overridden—by his ambassador, not by his bosses at Langley. Our diplomats feel that we must maintain a pretense of obedience to the policy, "We do not interfere in the internal affairs of sovereign nations," even in those places where it is obvious that we couldn't bring about fair elections if we tried.

Secret Army in Laos

This is by way of saying that the CIA comes to "political action," as those operations in aid of interfering without interfering are called, only with the greatest reluctance. All political action operations in which the Agency has been involved, including the small percentage of them which have been found out and reported in the press, have been planned and conducted on explicit instructions from the White House. There is no "invisible government"; the CIA does not generate its own political action operations. It *influences* the decisions of its superiors, in the way that market analysts influence the decisions of the soap manufacturers who employ them, but in

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every case where one of its political action operations has failed it has used its influence, unsuccessfully, to persuade its superiors not to go ahead with it. The Bay of Pigs fiasco is an example: A review of the Agency's reporting prior to that occasion shows clearly that its officers had misgivings throughout, and on the eve of the launching stated unequivocally that it could not possibly succeed without the air cover

which President Kennedy had at the last minute withdrawn.

CIA officers are against *all* large scale operations, from the attempted invasion of Cuba to the army in Laos, simply because they are large scale and therefore, by definition, out of place in a secret organization. According to Mother and his staff, the unsecret secret army in Laos is probably the Agency's last anomaly. Although it was a success (a fact which its critics seem to regard as irrelevant), its cost, not only in mere funds but in operational manpower and administrative time, was such as to throw the whole Agency out of kilter. Now that it is all over, the CIA's "dirty tricks" specialists will get back to concentrating on what they know best, "precision penetration," directed against "targets" of the "people's war against imperialism and capitalism."

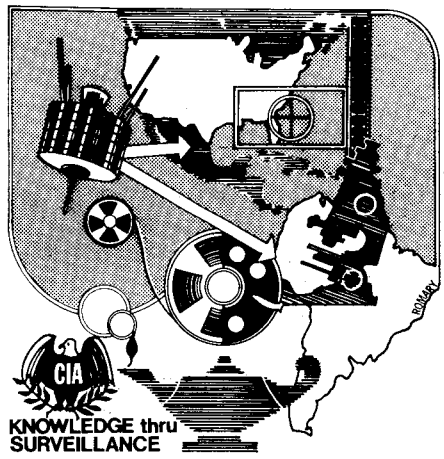
"Precision penetration," as the term is used by espionage specialists means: 1) identifying a "target"—i.e., the exact place (an office safe, a conference room, the brain of a person) where "the secret" is kept; 2) making a thorough "target study"—i.e., mapping the target's layout, examining the security defense around it, determining what persons have access to it, and getting whatever information is necessary to determine how best to go about recruiting someone inside it; 3) choosing one or more persons who have been found to have access to the target and recruiting them as agents, receiving their reports, giving them instructions, and paying them. As the attention of the specialists shifts toward the conventicles of "the people's war against capitalism and imperialism" there will be modifications to the approach, but the essentials remain the same.

The CIA's agents, please note, are persons who are already inside their assigned targets, not persons who have been introduced from without. The suggestion that the CIA might pick out some clever young Westerner, teach him perfect Russian, drill him in continental mannerisms, and send him off to insinuate himself into a job in the Kremlin has always been a fiction. The CIA has rarely, if ever, employed American citizens as agents. (The U-2 pilot, Gary Powers, was no exception. A friend of mine in the KGB assures me that the word "spy" was flung at Powers only as part of the prosecution's rhetoric, and that he was found guilty not of espionage but of "acts against the security of the state," and was sentenced for what he was, an ordinary airplane pilot taking photographs in forbidden areas of the USSR.) In modern practice, the CIA does not even employ locals as agents unless they are already properly placed to gain information of value. In a Moslem country it would employ only Moslems, never a Jew or even a Christian. To penetrate a Palestinian terrorist organization, it would employ only Palestinian terrorists—Christians being permissible in this case, since Christian elements are fast gaining ground in Palestinian extremist circles.

There are various obstacles in the way of achieving "precision penetration" of Palestinian terrorist movements, and all other targets of the "people's war." One is that these targets are not only compartmented, but compartmented on an ever changing basis: A group bent on blowing up the American embassy or hijacking a TWA airliner might be formed at six o'clock one evening, exist only for the duration of the operation, then disperse—its members going in various directions to join other ad hoc groups. Another is that the targets are not offices, complete with safes containing TOP SECRET written materials and corruptible file clerks, but rooms in the apartments of the terrorists, tables in shabby cafés, and tents in refugee camps. Another difficulty is that there are many targets to penetrate, and the relations between them are so loose and unsystematic that those who manage espionage operations against them keep finding themselves in blind alleys. The only answer to the problem seems to be to keep whole communities under surveillance. "This means we are subscribing to police state methods," says Mother, "but what else can we do?"

With intelligence on the "people's war" pouring in as it presently is, even the most liberal-minded CIA officers feel that they have no choice but to do *whatever* is necessary to deal with it. They believe that, sooner rather than later, the public will swing over to sharing the alarm, and will become suddenly unsqueamish about police state methods or whatever it takes to give them a good night's sleep. The CIA, the FBI, and other security agencies had better be prepared. They had better have in readiness methods of "community surveillance" which have in them only such invasions of privacy as are absolutely necessary, and which ensure that the invasions are handled with such discretion and delicacy that even the most ardent liberal can't conscientiously object to them.

The FBI has a comparatively simple problem. Provided it can be assured of freedom from political influences, it



can easily administer a system of community surveillance which will be pervasive enough to check terrorist influences in the U.S. yet not constitute more than a minor departure from our traditional ways of doing things. The CIA, however, must enable security services of other countries to apply effective community surveillance systems, yet avoid giving undue power to governments which are corrupt or other-

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wise unworthy. Quietly, so as to avoid tipping its hand to those who back the terrorists or to provoke premature outcries from shortsighted liberals, the CIA must reorient its covert services so they can cope with this objective.

Togetherness Against Terror

To wind up this short unauthorized course on the CIA, may I predict that the following will be the principal features of its covert services' New Look:

1. There will be closer cooperation between the CIA's covert services and the FBI and other federal agencies responsible for the internal security of the United States. In earlier days, the CIA and the FBI were barely on speaking terms, but they have been drawn closer together by the Watergate affair, and they will move still closer as clear pictures of the foreign connections of extremist groups in America begin to emerge. Until now, there has been considerable conflict between intelligence and police in counterterrorist operations: Intelligence leans toward keeping discreet track of terrorist groups and neutralizing them quietly, while policemen lean toward arresting their members and bringing them to trial. Intelligence officers think in terms of information, policemen in terms of evidence that will stand up in court. In the future, these distinctions will become less and less important—and extra-legal (i.e., intelligence) actions against terrorists will be closely coordinated with legal (i.e., police) actions against them.

2. There will be less use of foreign security agencies by means of penetrating parts of them, and more emphasis on obtaining straightforward official cooperation. Instead of inducing section heads to spy for the United States, CIA station chiefs will convince their bosses at the top that the control of terrorism is even more in their interests than in ours. The CIA is already having marked success in this. Even the rabidly anti-American Palestinian Liberation Organization has admitted that "Black September" terrorism has harmed the Palestinians far more than it has harmed the Israelis, and all Arab governments but two have taken official positions consistent with this belief. Many of them have openly admitted to recognizing that purely local counterterrorism is ineffective in the face of the internationalized terrorist organizations, and that subscription to the CIA's "Octopus" arrangement is essential. The CIA's penetration of the agencies will continue, but mainly to keep track of the extent to which they are being misused for internal power purposes. One hundred per cent of them *are* being so misused (of course the fuss, during Watergate, over the impropriety of using government investigative agencies as "resources of the incumbency" is lost on all populaces but our own), but it is advisable that we keep tabs on the effects.

3. There will be more cooperation than ever before with private organizations—industrial, financial, labor unions, philanthropic, religious, and educational. The notion that it is somehow sinful for the U.S. Government to help American interests, or vice versa, will pass. These organizations will not allow themselves to be used to cover out-and-out clandestine operations, of course, but there are various quite proper ways in which they can join in a common effort, inside their own organizations and in collaboration with local governments, to combat international terrorism. Cooperation of the sort which existed during World War II and just after between the ITT and the CIA's predecessor, the Office of Strategic Services, may well become the model.

4. Already "community surveillance" facilities—miniature television cameras, microphones, metal detectors, "black lights," and X-rays—are being installed at strategic observation points throughout major cities, industrial areas, and military bases, with concentration on airports, railway stations, communications centers, and other places which are normally most tempting to terrorists. Through vast though simplified monitoring arrangements, a comparatively small number of technicians can keep watch over large crowds of persons, and photograph them so that they can be studied in detail after terrorist occurrences. Within days following the IRA outrages in London railway stations, the British security authorities had installed equipment to photograph in their entirety all the crowds entering and leaving the stations. Following the bomb explosion in the King's Cross station of September 12, Scotland Yard Special Branch officials were able to run over their films again and again in a search for persons carrying parcels and behaving nervously. When several were spotted, close-ups were made and a young man was picked out who is almost certainly the guilty one. The police now have something better than an Identikit picture to go on.

We are not allowed to know the specifics of the American equivalents which have been in effect since early in 1970, but friends of mine in the FBI tell me that they have thwarted perhaps hundreds of terrorist attacks. So have the systems which have been installed by the CIA in other countries of the world, from Morocco to Hong Kong. The press does not report thwarted acts of terrorism, but only those which elude the system. For some time to come, terrorists will elude the system to cause an increase in public indignation, causing, in turn, an escalation of community surveillance systems.

5. All the while, the CIA and the FBI will be on guard against being pushed *too* fast by all the public indignation, and against its being exploited by democratic politicians, including those in "the incumbency." These agencies must become "as antiseptic as the Supreme Court," as Mother puts it, adding that the Buckley proposal that there be "bonded buggers" is already a reality. The easy access to computerized information—which, incidentally, has never been as easy as some critics of the government have claimed—will be stopped. Only a select few persons who have been specially cleared, and who live under special controls, will have access to this information, and before passing it on to other officials who must make use of it they will "sterilize" it so that it contains only what is needed for the legitimate purposes at hand, and no more. Once Watergate has blown over, together with the lingering sympathies for the Ellsbergs and others who have made heroes out of themselves by leaking official secrets, congressmen who have a particular understanding of the problems will push for legislation to strengthen the position of the "bonded buggers" and to enable them to do their job more efficiently. But even without the legislation, I am told, there is every sign that the system will continue to work. Those of us with sinful pasts may relax; only those sins which might justly disqualify us from something we may dare to apply for will ever be found out. Even then, only the bonded buggers will know. □

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THE YRs

A Word About The "Syndicate"

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

STEPHEN R. MALONEY'S article "Hanging Tough" in the August 31 NATIONAL REVIEW brought welcome word that the flag of conservatism still flies over the Young Republican National Federation. But Mr. Maloney's statement that "the 1963 convention marked the takeover of the YRs by the conservative forces of the 'Syndicate'" is inadvertently misleading. Lest the long and honorable (and highly successful) efforts of the conservative YRs of the 1950s be forgotten altogether, kindly allow one of their diminishing number to set the record straight. (Just call me Ishmael.)

The modern history of the Young Republican National Federation (YRNF) began, for all practical purposes, at its Salt Lake convention in 1949, when a fresh coalition of forces elected John Tope, then of Michigan, as YR chairman. During Tope's two-year administration, the coalition found its natural leader when one of its members, F. Clifton White, was elected president of the New York YRs.

In those far-off days before Dwight Eisenhower assumed the Presidency in January 1953, Senator Robert Taft of Ohio led the right wing of the national GOP and Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York captained a coalition of such pre-Ripon (or post-Willkie) liberal Republicans as there were around plus a larger number of middle-roaders and conservatives not, for one reason or another, in the Taft camp. White, as a loyal Dewey Republican, followed his governor's ecumenical lead, and the coalition that White brought to the 1951 convention of the YRs in Boston, to do battle with the Taft YRs for control of the Federation, faithfully reflected the Dewey strength in the senior party: It was strong in the Northeast, in the Plains states, and on the West Coast. The Taft YRs, conversely, dominated the East Central region, the South, and the Mountain states. In a hairy five-day battle that ultimately reduced several grown men to tears (and which prefigured, almost state by state, the Taft-Eisenhower nomination battle that would take place a year later), White's forces narrowly elected Herbert Warburton of Delaware as chairman.

The White coalition, now firmly in the saddle, left nothing to chance. It not only preserved (until 1958) its own power base in the State of New York but nourished its alliances with such key states as Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and California and—far more significantly—made major inroads into previously hostile territory, including both Ohio and the South. The result was a brilliant string of victories, which elected YR national chairmen in 1953, 1955, and 1957. In the latter year, in fact, when the White forces sealed their new alliance with pro-Taft Ohio by backing its former YR chairman, John Ashbrook, for the national chairmanship, the opposition was so punchy that it failed even to put up a candidate against him: the political equivalent of a no-hit baseball game. For White and his immediate circle it was apotheosis: Most of them never attended a YR national convention again.

It was this same convention of 1957 which witnessed the first clear signs of a distinctly rightward policy drift in the Young Republican National Federation. The Platform Committee recommended, and the convention briskly adopted, a series of resolutions so conservative that the *New York Times* headline read, "YOUNG GOP HITS IKE ON 4 OUT OF 5 ISSUES." President Eisenhower was reliably reported to be furious and prepared a scathing denunciation of the YRs for use at his next press conference; but fortunately no reporter asked the precipitating question.

In 1958 the remaining White forces lost their New York power base when Nelson Rockefeller, the party's liberal nominee for governor of New York, summarily ordered his state chairman to purge the YR state organization and staff it with his designees. This was promptly done, and had a most ironic effect nationally. For the remnants of the old White coalition, freed of their long allegiance to New York, promptly stitched together a new and frankly conservative alliance of the South, the Midwest, and the West. At the 1959 YR national convention in Denver this combination elected Ned Cushing as YR chairman—thus unconsciously foreshadowing the new senior coalition which, in the early 1960s (largely under the direction of former YRs still led by their longtime chief, Clif White), took over the GOP and nominated Barry Goldwater for President at San Francisco in 1964.

The 1961 convention of the YRs was held in Minneapolis—the home turf of Leonard Nadasdy, a longtime member of the White coalition who had, however, broken ranks and now aspired to the YR chairmanship as the candidate of those (including the liberal Ripon types) who sought to shake off the coalition's long and increasingly conservative dominance of the Young Republican National Federation. One of Nadasdy's backers, YR Executive Secretary Biehl ("Bundy") Clarke, invented that year the now-famous sobriquet "The Syndicate" as a psywar designation for the inheritors of the old White coalition, and bestowed upon Nadasdy's polyglot following the friendlier title "The Gangbusters." At Minneapolis, for the first and only time in its history, the Syndicate (for the new name stuck like glue) was divided between two candidates: Robert Hughes of Indiana and Robert Berry of Missouri. As a result, Nadasdy squeaked in.

BUT THE triumph of the Gangbusters was short-lived. The Republican Party in the early 1960s was trending rightward with a vengeance, and in 1963 at Omaha the Syndicate—united again, and perversely glorying in its nickname—waltzed back into control of the YRNF under the pro-Goldwater banner of Donald E. ("Buz") Lukens. That, I take it, is when Mr. Maloney, came in.

YR conventions now almost invariably pit one conservative against another in the race for the chairmanship. The real issue these days is not "Who shall be nominated?" but "Which conservative shall we pick?" And that, of course, is as it should be. □

Mr. Rusher is publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW *and a former YR.*

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Estimate of the Strategic Situation

LAST MONTH, General Walter Walker, former commander-in-chief, Allied Forces (i.e., NATO) Northern Europe, wrote to the London *Times*:

". . . The newest Soviet warhead, the SS-9, is five hundred times more powerful than the United States' newest warhead, the Poseidon MIRV. If the Soviets choose to run a MIRV race, they could outpower the United States twenty times over. When the United States MIRV their 4-megaton Poseidon, they split it into 50-kiloton warheads, making a total of half a megaton for the missile. The Soviets could MIRV their 25-megaton SS-9 (of which they have three hundred) into ten 1-megaton warheads, making a total of ten megatons per SS-9. To equate these two missiles would be dishonestly to conceal a Soviet advantage of 24,950,000 tons of explosive power.

"The obvious riposte to the above would be to say that United States submarines prowl the seas carrying nuclear missiles which can hit any target with zero warning. But the true state of the game happens to be that the new Soviet ballistic missile submarine, which will carry four-thousand-mile-range missiles, a much greater range than the best United States submarine-launched missiles, can be stationed in a stand-off posture opposite both United States coasts with atomic warheads targeted at every major city in the country.

"As for the defensive part of the one-sided SALT Agreement, this is even more disastrous. The Soviets have extensive, already deployed antimissile defenses, antibomber defenses, and an excellent civil defense organization. By comparison the United States is now the world's greatest nudist colony.

"The whole point about MIRV is not whether it gives the Soviets a first strike or a retaliatory capability, but rather that the balance of terror is now such that Russia has made it impossible for the West to go on sheltering any longer under the American nuclear umbrella. . . . The United States nuclear strategic force could now only be used as a last resort and then only in retaliation for attack against the continental United States itself.

What Strategy for NATO?

"Russia's MIRV capability means that she has succeeded in invalidating NATO's whole strategy. The West no longer has a coherent strategic doctrine. Unless we are able to develop a viable and credible strategy, the Russians will be able to use their crushing conventional and nuclear capability to exert political pressure in the form of threats, intimidation, and political blackmail, with the aim of exacting concession after concession.

"Soviet nuclear superiority is clearly established by the SALT Agreements which President Nixon signed in Moscow in May 1972. These proclaim to all the world that the Soviets are number one in military power and that the United States is now a poor second."

Let me repeat: The author of this estimate was until a short time ago commander-in-chief of the allied forces defending Western Europe's most critical sector. By the nature of the post he occupied, he knows all there is to know about the weapons, troops, and strategy of the Western allies in their confrontation with the Soviet forces, and knows as much as Western intelligence has been able to learn about the weapons, troops, and strategy of the Warsaw Pact. No one without access to these same data has grounds for doubting what General Walker here states to be fact; granted the facts, no one may legitimately question conclusions validly drawn from them.

I find myself wondering why I, an American citizen, should have to rely on the London *Times* for an authoritative statement about the strategic situation. It is a subject, surely, of import to the ordinary citizen as well as to the specialist. What General Walker's statement means, for one thing, is that the nuclear "balance of terror" no longer exists. Monopoly to superiority to balance has now reached inferiority. And neither NATO nor the U.S. separately has, any longer, a relevant, much less an adequate, global strategy.

One-sided detente is the equivalent of appeasement. The Nixon detente in relation to the Soviet Union has so far been one-sided. We saved the Soviet regime from serious crisis by shipping millions of tons of grain on credit; in increasing amounts we supply advanced technology; we offer preferential trade terms without quid pro quo; we have gone along, again without quid pro quo, with the moves to legitimize Soviet post-war conquest and Soviet imperial hegemony over Eastern Europe; we have not questioned the Brezhnev Doctrine.

This is the sense in which, from the opposite side, the Kremlin has always understood "detente" (or "peaceful coexistence"). Soviet statements describe the present (Nixon) detente as a "victory" for the camp of socialism. In his Sophia speech, September 19, Brezhnev reaffirmed: "It stands to reason that the class war in the international arena—the opposition of socialism and capitalism—will continue." Moscow approaches the new rounds of the European Security Conference, Mutual Forces Reduction negotiations, and SALT II with the assumption that the Soviet Union will not have to pay anything of substance for what it may get.

Arms and Diplomacy

It seems to me a plausible hypothesis that this assumption rests on the knowledge of both East and West leaders that the Soviet Union now has superiority in strategic—that is, the ultimately decisive—weapons systems. In General Walker's words: "The Russians will be able to exert political pressure . . . with the aim of exacting concession after concession."

Or is General Walker mistaken in his facts, his conclusions, or both? Why do we not hear, one way or the other, from our own most qualified and authoritative leaders, from the commander-in-chief of our armed forces, from our Foreign Minister, or the Chairman of our Joint Chiefs of Staff? Or are we—even after the multitudinous and now admitted deceptions of Vietnam—expected to take on faith the unsupported words of our betters? □

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MONT PELERIN

At a time when the failures of government intervention are becoming increasingly evident, the band of visionaries who started it all met to deny the undeniable: That theirs is an idea whose time has come

Libertarians Abroad

ALAN REYNOLDS

THERE WAS an embarrassing pause after I was first asked if I wanted to go to Guatemala. It isn't the sort of question one is prepared for. I don't, in fact, recall ever having given the matter much thought one way or the other. When it was explained that the reason was a meeting of the Mont Pelerin Society, however, I began to pack.

I checked with my six-year-old son, a map freak, on just where Guatemala was. Then, since a consistently unreliable source told me it was hot and dry there, I bought a warm suit and an umbrella. To find out about vaccinations, I naively called the listed number for "Vaccination information for travel," was told to call another number, then another, and so on for seven trials (par for New York). Finally, duly vaccinated and armed with a cough-medicine bottle full of Scotland's answer to cowardice, I boarded what the Guatemalans affectionately call "Pandemonium Scareways" and was on my way.

Before too long, we were flying above a lush green land of jagged mountains, deep chasms, and towering volcanos. Then, plunging blindly through a blanket of billowy clouds, toward where I last saw a particularly menacing volcano, I spot what appears to be a narrow rural highway and we land on it. To the right lie some small World War II bombers ("our Air Force"), ahead is a curious mixture of huge and lavish government offices ("our Social Security building"), and rundown little *tiendas* in faded pastels (the private sector).

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In the main government building, tiny men with big rifles glower suspiciously at my umbrella; minor bureaucrats are accompanied by guards with machine guns. This is a relatively free and peaceful time in Guatemala. The natives party all night (I join a group of them in dancing to competing mariachis around the town fountain) because they never know when curfew will again be imposed. At one point, I suspected that Montezuma had also left his famous curse on Guatemala's water supply, though it may have been what was mixed with it.

One of the most encouraging parts of the trip was meeting bright young scholars, from unlikely places like Costa Rica, who were incredibly well informed and articulate about the philosophy and economics of a free society. Still, there is a frightening dearth of procapitalist literature and training in Latin America—a gap that our host, Manuel Ayau, is struggling valiantly to fill through the new Universidad San Marroquín.

At the Conference

The perpetual wrestling match between the gold standard advocates and the Friedmanites took place once again, with no one budging noticeably from his original convictions. I had about decided that one could identify the hard-money men by their white hair (Henry Hazlitt, Donald Kemmerer, W. H. Hutt) and the Friedmanites by their long hair (Roger Miller, Sam Peltzman). But I tried that theory on the decidedly white-haired fellow beside me, Marshall Colberg, who turned out to have been a former classmate of George Stigler and Milton Friedman. (I'm afraid I'll have to file the hair hypothesis with an earlier one that postulated an increasing inability to understand market processes as one became taller: Friedman, Rothbard, and I are all under 5'6", Galbraith is 6'8".)

Henry Hazlitt attempted to balance precariously between the two factions. He agreed with the Chicago School, for example, that floating exchange rates were necessary but worried that "wildly fluctuating rates" would impede international trade, travel, and investment. Yet floating rates shouldn't fluctuate wildly unless the rates of inflation among countries also fluctuate wildly—in which case one would expect "fixed" rates to go through even more dramatic

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gyrations. The advocates of floating rates can point to the relationship between Canadian and U.S. dollars as an example of moderate fluctuations. More confusing, for them, is the one to one relationship between the dollar and the Guatemalan quetzal, which Donald Kemmerer tells us has been fixed since 1924.

Mr. Kemmerer also revived a provocative quote from his father to the effect that "a fluctuating [monetary] unit, particularly one whose monetary value is tending downward, nearly always carries with it very high interest rates." That is, interest rates carry a premium to compensate for risk and the expected erosion of purchasing uncertainty, and also to compensate for power. Clearly, as Mr. Kemmerer hinted, this is very relevant to the contemporary situation: Whimsical government policies (price controls, trade controls, devaluations) have increased uncertainty for prospective lenders. And a prime interest rate of 10 per cent in the U.S. is not high at all, in real terms, since the inflation rate is trending around 10 per cent. Journalists and politicians who equate "tight money" with high interest rates neglect this vital distinction between real and nominal rates. It's a simple point, but one of those that must be repeated as often as necessary.

Turning to another controversial issue, Mr. Hazlitt suggested that "every nation should refrain from further increases in its paper money and bank credit supply." But if this can be done within existing institutions, presumably by some legislated constraint on the monetary authorities (Friedman's "rule"), then we will have solved chronic inflation without a gold standard. At which point, the Mont Pelerin Society can get on to more urgent matters, like the regulatory agencies, subsidies, or the burden of taxation. The debate over the gold standard, like the debate over the unions' contribution to inflation, seems rather academic, since both groups of libertarian economists are in agreement over immediate goals: It should be legal for U.S. citizens to own and trade gold, the money-issuing powers of the Federal Reserve should be constrained, and the unique legal immunities of labor unions should be revoked. While we're debating how many bureaucrats can be stuck with the point of a pen, the government is rapidly acquiring control over consumption decisions, hence over production, by taxing a larger share of personal income each year.

Impossible Dream

Henry Manne of the University of Rochester broke the ice by announcing that "capitalism, as we think of it, is either ephemeral or illusory." Starting with the unobjectionable observation that individuals tend to behave in their own self-interest, Manne proceeded to show how the workings of self-interest are antithetical to free markets:

1. Politicians cannot maximize wealth or power, as they must to survive in competition with other politicians, without infringing on private contracts and property. Transfers of wealth and power from private individuals to politicians are granted in exchange for special privileges or collectivist programs, which are inconsistent with free enterprise. Since no one really knows how to manage an economy, politicians must continually find scapegoats in the private sector to take the blame for their own frequent blunders, and the resulting ritual of bringing these scapegoats under political control gradually destroys free institutions.

2. The interests of the general public are diverse and hard to organize, and therefore have little political clout in competition with the concentrated efforts and resources of special interests. Since a single vote doesn't matter much, individual voters have little incentive to become informed about political issues and are therefore vulnerable to anticapitalist myths. Ironically, the more effective the private sector is in providing services, the more likely it is that such services will be subsidized or taken over by the government, because politicians can't sell the public on providing unfamiliar services for "free."

3. The academic community has attracted those who like the security of tenure, with promotions based on research or writing rather than on the ability to satisfy consumers. Naturally enough, the idea of competition is anathema to such people. Many academics, like other mendicants in the royal court, either produce the ideas that politicians find useful, or are selected and promoted because they hold such views, or are so involved in political life that they take on the coloration of politicians. Some sincerely believe that academics like themselves will control the brave new world, replacing the chaos of freedom with order.

4. Journalists are dependent on political sources for information, which is inherently biased toward political affairs, and they must avoid antagonizing the politicians on whom they depend.

5. Businessmen don't like competition and will spend a lot of time and money to avoid it. Established firms generally have powerful trade lobbies (while potential entrants do not), so they are often able to generate political interest in banning newcomers through government regulation. Politicians sell protection from competition to businessmen in exchange for some degree of power over the industry.

In short, the perceived interests of politicians, academics, journalists, businessmen, and the general public all tend to increase state limitations on private contracts, on entry into business or lines of work, and on the use of private property.

Well, needless to say, this was not the sort of comforting reassurance that one expects from a meeting of like minds. Dean Hutt, tongue implanted firmly in cheek, purported to see a ray of hope in the possibility of catastrophe. But past catastrophes, resulting from stupid government policies, have invariably been followed by a massive mandate for authoritarian "leadership." Henry Hazlitt added his own dismal thesis ("a somewhat differentiated product") that free enterprise is doomed by misdirected compassion, impatience, envy, and the propensities to look only at immediate effects and to compare actual situations with a hypothetical ideal.

Only Sam Peltzman (my former teacher at UCLA) offered a little balance to Mr. Manne's gloom. Manne was quite explicit that the costs to the public of increasing state intervention exceeded the benefit to politicians, and that politics is competitive. This being so, Peltzman argued, then each additional state intervention generates additional force for a countercoalition. A politician, for example, should at some point be able to offer a saleable package deal effecting savings to the voters of $30 billion by eliminating minimum-price regulation in transportation, agricultural subsidies, import quotas, etc. The more socialized the economy becomes, the more attractive the package deal can be. There are already encour-

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aging overtures in this direction, such as Governor Reagan's proposal to limit the share of income going to state taxes, or President Nixon's attempts to dump OEO (the Office of Economic Opportunists) and to introduce a little competition in the banking industry.

It seems to me that Manne also goes too far in discounting the power of ideas. He is uncomfortable about "ideology" or "heroes," because he feels they don't fit into a scientific methodology as well as concrete self-interest. Yet that is itself an issue which, at least in principle, is susceptible to "positive" analysis: If one can best explain past economic events without mentioning Adam Smith, Marx, and Keynes, then one can best predict future events without mentioning Mises, Hayek, and Friedman. One might say that Keynes and Marx were influential because they advocated an expansion of politicians' power, but that answer doesn't fit so well for Smith, Sumner, Malthus, and a lot of others. The climate of opinion is important, but ideas do have consequences. It isn't so much a matter of "ideology," as that term is commonly understood, since those of Henry Manne's persuasion are not asking anyone to accept their ideas on faith. It's more a matter of overcoming demonstrably false popular notions.

Even Mr. Manne finds it impossible to act on the notion that ideas are unimportant. Manne advances, rather apologetically, the argument that media and schools "produce overwhelmingly anticapitalist propaganda." Businessmen's fleeting love affair with wage-price controls is unabashedly explained as due to "the fact that businessmen too had been grossly miseducated about the nature of the economic system." Yet this sort of admission is fundamentally subversive of the notion that we are at the mercy of blind forces.

For one who traffics so well in the art of persuasion, Mr. Manne's modesty about the power of ideas is unbecoming. Manne admits that there is a market for academics who profess libertarian notions, and privately he admits that the market is growing rapidly, yet his analysis of universal self-interest in statism leaves no hint of how this could be possible. It's an embarrassing residual. Perhaps the attempt to stick with operational concepts, like cold cash, has left him with excessively narrow definitions of self-interest and ideas.

It seems vaguely ironic that the last two Mont Pelerin meetings have featured skeptical themes (see John Chamberlain, "The View Twenty Five Years Later" *NR*, Oct. 13, 1972) at a time when the Society is worrying about a membership glut. Before too long, Mont Pelerin may have to lobby for state licensing of free market economists—to protect the public from unqualified charlatans.

Outside Looking In

There is no point in trying to summarize a dozen scholarly papers, some of which dealt with problems unique to Latin America, and others which would surely lose something in being translated from the Spanish. George Roche delivered a shocker on the double standards and reverse discrimination of HEW's Affirmative Action programs (summarized in *U.S. News & World Report*, Jan. 1, 1973), but he is planning on expanding the paper into a book, so it wouldn't be fair to give away the punch line. Besides, so long as bureaucrats control educational dollars, we shouldn't be too surprised that they specify—in ways that will further their careers—the nature of what they are buying.

In general, the papers seemed too long and the discussions too short. Though it was all fascinating to this novice, a jaded veteran confided that nobody brings his best work to the conference. Someone else suggested that a screening committee should select from submissions, which could include recently published articles. Authors could present a brief synopsis to accompany the full-length transcript, and more time could then be devoted to discussion (with the moderator taking care not to let a few extroverts dominate the forum). Some of the most valuable exchanges at this meeting were conducted over lunch or dinner, but too few got the benefit of such table talk. I managed to talk with Hazlitt, Hutt, Alchian, Rogge, and others on separate occasions, but never together.

As long as we're dabbling in unsolicited opinions, I would also like to see the Society establish an on-going communications link—inward between members, and outward to sympathetic media representatives. All too often, a generation passes before advances in economic knowledge become generally known. Conventional wisdom is now operating on the quaint economics of the Thirties—Keynes, Means, and Chamberlain—as popularized by Galbraith and Samuelson.

In any case, the Mont Pelerin Society has an important role to play in the next few years. Though the elders of the Society may profess defeat, the left-liberals are now in a desperate defensive position, clinging to the ropes, and Mont Pelerin can easily provide the intellectual shove to topple any remaining rationale for statist intervention. □

Epigrams

Aggressive Education

Priscus, to put me down, prods me
With: "Even my five year old writes poetry!"
Yes, Priscus, every tot's a poet
And every illiterate equivalent to Homer.

From a Greek Anthology

Terpes, harping beautifully at a feast,
died, of a flying fig tossed between his teeth by an admirer; alas, nothing we do is safe, since death is never at a loss for grief.

Idyll

Theocritus has taken to the sticks
of Sicily to get close to the soil;
And he has taught the peasants so well
They are all turning professional.

Administrative

To get promoted, Protus at thirty dyed
His sideburns silver; black at forty-five.
At fifty-five he can't afford to dye
And wears a jovial wig all snowy white.

—RICHARD O'CONNELL

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The Hurricane

THE RUSSIAN literary monthly *Novy Mir* has always been courageous, especially under the editorship of Aleksandr Tvardovsky, who was deposed a few years ago and died in 1971. It was *Novy Mir* that first published Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's short novel *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (with Khrushchev's blessing). Preparations were then made to print his *Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle* in several installments, but the censor stepped in, and these novels have still not been published in the Soviet Union except in *samizdat* editions.

In Russia it has always been the custom to serialize novels in periodicals or in daily papers prior to their appearance in book form. Dostoyevsky, for instance, frequently saw the first part of his novels in print in a St. Petersburg paper before he had even finished them. Yet, in the history of Soviet literature, *Novy Mir* stands out among the journals and publishing companies (all state-owned and state-controlled) that had the extraordinary courage to publish controversial authors during a very dangerous period. Little do we outsiders know what it cost them.

Now, while Professor Sakharov is bravely speaking out for freedom and decency, while signatures are being collected to denounce his stand, while many of those who disagree with the Soviet system are sent to insane asylums, *Novy Mir* has again done something remarkable. Or is it merely coincidence? Let the reader decide.

Novy Mir's August issue contains a group of short stories and poems under the heading "Voices from Two Continents" (Asia and Africa)—all sorts of poems, all sorts of stories, most of them perfectly in keeping with the anti-imperialist line. However, the first story demands a closer reading. It was written by an Iranian named Khozron Shakhani and its title is "The Hurricane" ("*Uragan*"). Born in 1929 in Meshhed, not far from the Soviet border, Shakhani studied philosophy at Teheran University. Since 1958 he has been a journalist and part-time short-story writer. "The Hurricane" is set entirely in Iran and makes not the slightest allusion to the USSR.

It is the story, written in the first person, of a man who lives in an unnamed Iranian town. Most places have some distinguishing characteristic: One finds gold, or the manufacture of certain goods, or some holy shrine—but this town has a recurrent hurricane, a sandstorm that blackens the sky and makes normal life impossible. One day the narrator writes to a friend in Teheran and tells him about the unmitigated hell of living in a place where one is almost blinded, where people are afraid to look into each other's eyes or to open their mouths for fear of the sand.

One day, when the narrator has not left his house for several days because of the odious wind, a friend comes to visit him. The friend asks him point-blank whether he has made any foolish remarks about the town in public. In the bazaars, from house to house, the governor is collecting signatures to denounce him for disparaging remarks about the town and its citizens—this, the most progressive, the cleanest, the most open-minded town in the country!

No, he has made no such remarks. But has he perhaps said such things in a letter? That yes, but how could the governor know?

The friend throws his hands up in horror. Good Lord! Where does he think they are living? Of *course* the letter had "fallen" into the hands of the governor, and our hero has only himself to blame.

The following day two men come from the administration and order him to appear before the governor, the council, and a numerous jury. He is handed his own letter and told to read it aloud before the entire assembly. Trembling, he carries out the order.

"Well," the governor roars, "can you or can't you see your fellow citizens sitting here around you?"

"Have pity on me, my Lord!"

"Can you look into their eyes or can't you?"

"I can, forgive me, Sir!"

"Can you or can't you open your mouth?"

"I can, but . . ."

"And is there a constant, nasty wind?"

"No, indeed not, nothing of the kind. And I promise you never again to write another letter. Your Excellency, forgive me . . ."

"Forgive? Forgive? Have a look at this map. What does it show?"

"Our town."

"And what do you see around it?"

"I would not know . . ."

"Idiot. These are trees and forests and bushes. They aren't actually there yet, but they are planned in order to protect us from the wind, any wind. So why do you make such silly statements?"

"Out of stupidity, Your Highness."

At this point the wind starts again and people have to shout to make themselves heard. Darkness descends upon the courtroom and the whole town. But the governor calmly dictates a new letter depicting life in the town in the most glowing terms, and the hapless wretch has to sign it.

"And now," the governor concludes, "you will repeat these words: 'Down with the traitors and foreign mercenaries! Long live the kind administrators and the fathers of our town!' "

THEN the governor decrees that the accused, in view of his contrition, be given only a mild punishment: For the next three months he is to appear three times a day in the central square and loudly repeat: "Down with the traitors!"

The victim is numbed, he can neither speak nor cry. Mechanically he follows the crowd toward the exit.

Outside the courthouse people immediately lose sight of each other. The hurricane screams and roars and everybody is forced to close his eyes. Our poor friend wants to shout: "Your Lordship! Gentlemen of the jury! If this is not a hurricane, what is it?" But he cannot open his mouth. All the doors are closed firmly, and nobody is in the streets where the storm howls like a hungry wolf.

Coincidence? Or were the censors who let this pass blinded by—a hurricane? □

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FAREWELL TO IRONDEQUOIT HIGH

Who Killed the Young Conservatives Club?

RICHARD BROOKHISER

I AM AT the high-school senior banquet where they're reading the predictions for the year 2000, though it's more interesting to see how good everybody looks. Guys in vests—guys in white jackets—guys in red shoes—and the girls—I've tried to count the number of backless dresses, but after running out of fingers, toes, eyes, ears, and teeth, my mind wanders back to the predictions. "And Heimie Alpert will be supplying the Israeli army with kosher pickles (laughter) . . . And Jack MacKenzie, who was completely mature in sixth grade, died 15 years ago of old age (much laughter) . . . And Rick Brookhiser has bought the *National Enquirer* to further the spread of his political views . . ."

And the prediction gets its laughter, and they move on to other predictions while I lose the thread again, and muse on the strangeness of their choice, on the three years that lie between now and my First Political Act.

Anyone who spends his leisure time reading back issues of NATIONAL REVIEW will realize that I'm talking about the spring Vietnam Moratorium of 1970. My school was flooded with liberal pamphlets that day; I passed out some conservative ones and bucked a trend, and wrote an article about it for NATIONAL REVIEW. It seemed then like only the first in a series of articles on hot political developments at IHS. I could see them in my mind's eye, in the First Volume of my Collected Works—"Juvenilia*Notable Term Papers*The IHS Articles." The next article was going to be about the Young Conservatives Club. It had a great start. It was the spring of 1970, only a few months after my article came out. I was riding to a party with three seniors when they asked me if I wanted to join the Young Conservatives Club.

"The Young Conservatives Club!" I exclaimed; I was excited; this was action . . . "How many people are in it?"

Four—all of whom were seniors.

As it happened, the next day the club was holding elections for next year's officers and I was invited to attend. There were five people at the meeting: four soon-to-be-graduating seniors and me—the Great Junior Hope. Naturally, my poise, charm, and political savvy bowled them over. There, in the bright, smoke-free auditorium of Irondequoit High, I was elected president of the Young Conservatives Club.

IT WAS only a month later when the club came up again. The yearbooks were being passed out in the cafeteria and about twenty of us radiated like spokes around a six-man table, standing, sitting, running out of ink, and signing like mad. Instead of issuing a genuine book, the editors had artily dumped all the pages into a large red box, which shredded, fell apart, and left large red stains on anything it touched, and we cursed them heartily. Some of my friends' messages also cursed me.

"Well Damn Conservative—He's down in Argentina ya know. Good luck, you'll need it."

"Someday you're gonna git in trouble being a goddam conservative. That's what happens to goddam conservatives. Good luck always."

Others, more tolerant, only wanted jobs.

"When you get to be President of the U.S.A. remember the dummy who signed your yearbook and make me *Vice President*."

And in fact, I had already promised away all my Cabinet posts. But I was also concerned with more immediate matters. "Dear John," I wrote in one book, "as vice president of the Young Conservatives Club, you will be in charge of getting attack dogs and mace."

It wasn't until I got home that I read his answer. "Dear Rick. As president of the Young Conservatives Club you will be in charge of doing everything."

And that's where the article on the Young Conservatives Club ended, because that's where the club ended too. We had a meeting the next year, and maybe even the year after that. But I'm sure our annual record was no greater than two, and we were no more successful than our predecessors had been.

Part of the blame rests on me personally. Had I been living in the Middle Ages, I would certainly have found myself carved on the gutterspout of some cathedral as a stone exemplum of the Seventh Deadly Sin. Then there was also homo universalitis, a rather common disease in high school. When all your potential club members are already in choir or band or basketball or math club or chess club or three or four advanced courses, it's kind of hard to find the time to meet. But the key to understanding why conservative political activity dried up at IHS is the fact that left-liberal activity dried up too.

There is scarcely a vestige of hard political sentiment left at IHS. Teachers will still air their views from time to time, and the presidential election caused a flicker of interest. Mr. Porter, the club's faculty adviser, after being strong for Wallace, switched to McGovern, and one of my friends, distressed by the result, promised "to leave the country and go to Massachusetts." But the focus rarely widens beyond the school-board level, and debate seldom escapes the letters-to-the-editor page of the *Irondequoit Press*. I know, of course, that these insights are not particularly luminous or original, or even universally true; but I do wonder why they apply at IHS.

EVERY pundit points to the end of the war as a cause of our present calm, and they are quite right. The prospect of meeting messy death in some Vietnamese rice paddy was very real to every high-school-age male, and you don't find issues like that every day. But (and this is what the pundits miss) what made Vietnam doubly useful to left activists was not merely the reality of the problem, but the corresponding remoteness of the solution. Vietnam is eight thousand miles away. When fresh-

Mr. Brookhiser, whose first article, "The Posting of the Theses," appeared in NR *three years ago (Feb. 24, 1970), is now a freshman at Yale.*

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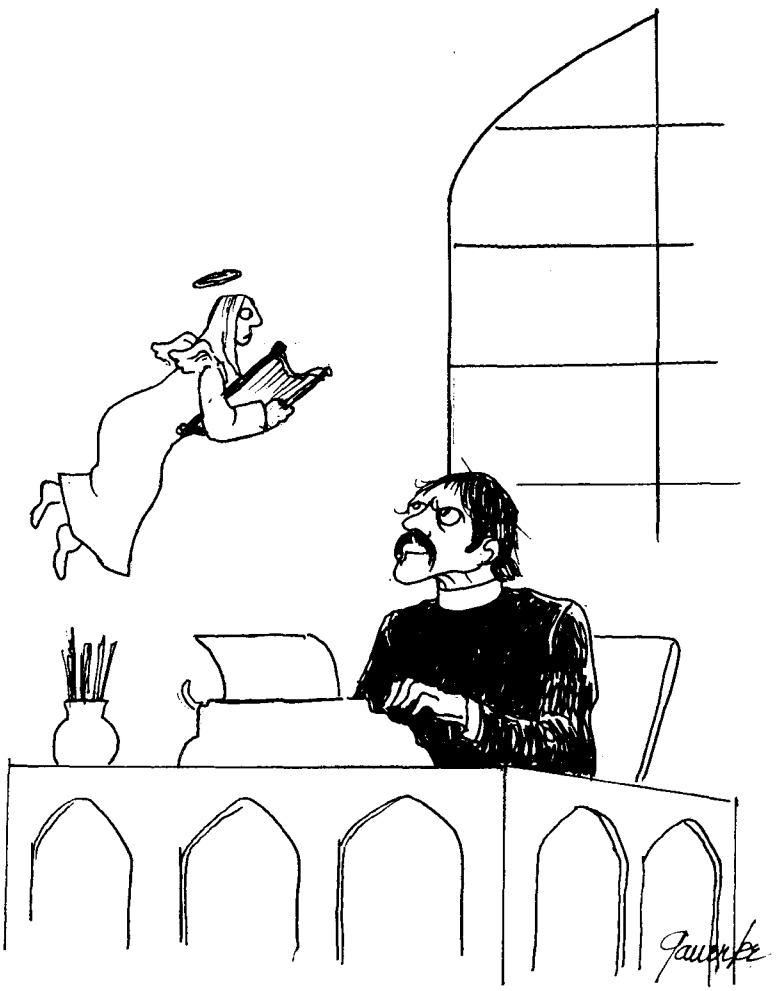
men aren't sleeping through Asian-African Cultural Studies, they probably wish they were. Therefore the gut corollary to the gut premise "I might die" is "Let the gooks stew in their own juice." There has been no subsequent issue for which you can construct that kind of argument. Urban poverty, for most suburbanites, lacks the element of immediate danger (unless busing comes up, in which case a "stew in their own juice" variant comes in handy), while pollution, potentially as deadly as war, offers no comfortably remote solution. Try to follow "You will die of exhaust fumes" with "Don't use the car Saturday night" and, well, hey man, like I gotta *date* goin', and, well, like no way.

This is getting into New Journalism, which I abhor, but I don't think I am wrong to emphasize the political appeal of remoteness. Disraeli, remember, was driven from power because of Turkish massacres in Bulgaria.

But the death without issue of Vietnam only indirectly explains the debility of conservative politics. Theoretically, the blow delivered to the Left by the Vietnam settlement should have marked the beginning of a grand conservative offensive; every regiment leaving Vietnam could have signaled a new onslaught on a weakening enemy. And yet, at IHS anyway, this was not so. Conservatism seems to be entirely a reflex action. The Left churns out its thousands of pamphlets; then the conservative stays up all night, cranking out his measly 25. The Left subsides; then the conservative goes back to band or basketball or chess club or whatever he was doing.

Because most students have few convictions at all, and because most conservatives keep their convictions in mothballs until provoked, the Left will always have the initiative. You don't have to read the *NR Bulletin* to know that the Left has not died; its hard core is still out there, furiously trying to throw off sparks—witness Antioch. That there have been no great conflagrations of late is simply because the majority of students—the Conviction-less Majority—are just not interested. Commentators with longer memories than mine have observed that we are back in the Eisenhower Era; if so, then the revival of Fifties rock is no accident. Yet now, as then, the Conviction-less Majority remains unmoved by the Left not for any good reason, but only out of simple human nature, slothful and inert. The Left is usually quite wrong: Grapepickers, Gay Lib, the Evils of Business—these are not relevant. Girl friends, summer jobs, and what-looks-good-on-TV-tonight are. Only when this slothful inertia is broken by some external event, like Vietnam, do the ideologues catch fire; and then conservatives have to wake, brush off the cobwebs, and pick up their fire extinguishers—if they haven't forgotten where they are.



"I said I want a relevant sermon, not a reverent one."

So PERHAPS the only lesson for conservatives to draw from IHS is the simple exhortation: Be More Active—without, at the risk of seeming to split hairs I must add, becoming Activist. I make this final distinction only because so many conservatives miss it. As conservatives, we occupy a peculiar psychological position. Ever since Western man adopted the world view of continual progress, conservatism has appeared to be nothing more than an obstruction. And since nobody likes being an obstruction, many a conservative cherishes furtive longings to imitate the mobs he opposes—to fire the cannon and unfurl the flags and bloody the swords and march to the Future. But it is the world view that is at fault, not conservatism, and if, as conservatives, we believe that man needs to shake off his slumber and seek salvation, we also believe that he has to do it himself and not in lockstep with this season's regiment of worldly saviors. In Progress' distorting lens, the philosophy of every shade of conservative from Daniel ("Benign Neglect") Moynihan to the Duke of Wellington may indeed reduce to nothing more than "stand pat." But neither gentleman, to his eternal credit, gave the world a Cultural Revolution or a New Order—or a Republic of Virtue or a Siege of Drogheda.

So I taxed myself at the senior banquet with my personal failings, as I should have done—and promised to Do More, as we all should do—and reflected that having done that, I would be ready to meet the next eruption—and not have to worry about leading it. □

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MEXICO'S DOUBLE STANDARD

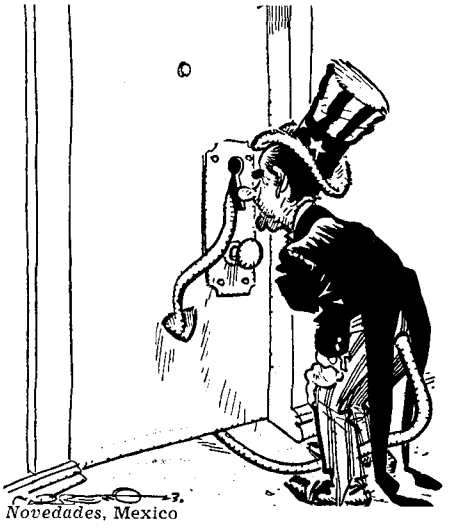
Love-Hate Relationship with the U.S.

SELDEN RODMAN

MEXICO CITY. Almost the first thing I saw, arriving in Mexico City's airport late in April, was a cartoon in *Novedades*, the nation's second largest newspaper, commenting on Watergate. A creature with Nixonian features and a devil's pointed tail passing between his legs and under the door was peering through the keyhole from which the point of his own tail emerged. "It Has a Tail!" said the caption. My first reaction was: How apt! But then, realizing that I wasn't looking at an American paper and that the creature was dressed as Uncle Sam, I had a second reaction: How ungenerous and cruel! Because far from sympathizing with this predicament of its neighbor, far from expressing alarm that a democracy could be afflicted with such a cancerous growth, far from applauding the zeal with which *both* American parties were joining hands to expose every ramification of the corruption, Mexico appeared to be crowing with delight. "Typical!" the cartoon seemed to be saying, "Just what we've always said about the United States, and now the whole world knows."

Would our own press be expressing glee, I thought to myself, if it were discovered that the PRI (Partido Revolucionario Institucional) had bugged the opposition party's headquarters? Perhaps; I hope not. . . . But what a preposterous idea. In the first place Mexico's opposition offers no threat at all to the party that has been running Mexico ever since the revolution of 1910-1920. And in the second place, if any such scandal within the PRI existed, and it was so much as hinted at in *Novedades*, either the edition would be confiscated by the police and the editors seized within minutes, or the paper supply would be cut off so that no second edition could ever appear. I asked several Mexican friends later what *would* happen in the event of such an exposure, and they said just that, without my suggesting it.

The cartoon doesn't prove that most Mexicans are anti-American—far from it. Most Mexicans are friendly. They admire (more uncritically than Americans) American cars, American movies, American styles of dress, American music, American soft drinks, even



Novedades, Mexico

"Tiene cola!"

American football—which, in recent years, has become even more popular on Mexican TV than the traditionally Latin sport soccer. I was horrified, driving into Cuernavaca for the first time in five years, to see the lovely Xocolo usurped by Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken and a gigantic Burger Boy; but middle class and working class Mexicans standing in line to get in were not horrified, nor were the city officials who had permitted these monstrosities to squat opposite Cortez' sixteenth-century palace. Hundreds of thousands of Mexicans, who live close enough to the border to commute across the Rio Grande, work for superior American wages—and a large proportion of them like the American way of life so well they try to stay. As for the Mexicans with money enough to travel in the United States as tourists, they stay so long and spend so much that their government, fearful of losing even a small part of the $1.46 billion spent by American tourists annually (and thus accounting for half of Mexico's foreign exchange earnings) is thinking of ways to block the exodus.

Who, then, are the anti-American Mexicans? As almost everywhere in Latin America, it is the intellectuals—the civil servants, party hacks, newspaper editors, writers, professors, professional students, and professional agitators—who beat the drums of anti-Americanism and practice the double standard. It is they who demand complete freedom of expression for themselves with which to assert that the countries with none of this freedom—Russia, China, Cuba—are the only ones to be emulated. It is they who vilify American democracy (they call it "fascism") while saying little or nothing about the authoritarian one-party regime under which they live—so long as it pays lip service to their totalitarian idols abroad and permits them license at home.

Cultivating the Left

For the government of Gustavo Diaz Ordaz (1964-1970) the intellectuals had no use. It made no difference to them that Diaz Ordaz distributed more land to the peasantry than any other Mexican president. Diaz Ordaz had cracked down hard on student agitators and other Marxists at home. His successor, President Luis Echeverría, on the other hand, is immensely popular with the intellectuals. It matters not at all to them that it was the police of Echeverría (he was Diaz Ordaz' Interior Minister) who massacred hundreds of protestors and innocent bystanders during the Olympic Games in 1968. Echeverría has learned his lesson. From the very outset of his presidency he cultivated the intellectuals—which in Latin America means the Left, because every Latin American intellectual, writer, and artist with the exception of Argentina's Jorge Luis Borges is outspokenly of the Left. Echeverría knew that he would have the vast majority of conservative, pro-American Mexicans

Selden Rodman's two books on Mexico are Mexican Journal: The Conquerors Conquered *(1957) and* The Mexican Traveler *(1968). His forthcoming* Tongues of Fallen Angels *includes a dialogue with Octavio Paz.*

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with him as long as he didn't unduly rock the capitalist ship of state. Why not corral the anti-American leftist minority as well?

So what did he do about Mexico's greatest poet Octavio Paz who had been removed as ambassador to India by Diaz Ordaz for writing a poem denouncing the Olympic massacre? Invite him home, said Echeverría; see that he has absolute freedom to publish a Mexican equivalent of the *New York Review of Books*. What could it possibly matter if this journal (*Plural*) should publish veiled criticism of PRI totalitarianism? Among its two thousand or so readers, how many Mexicans are capable of even understanding the metaphysical jargon of Cortazar, Sartre, Levi-Strauss, Chomsky, Fuentes, Fanon, Sontag, and their like?

José Luis Cuevas, the great artist, was rumored to be dying of a heart condition. In a twinkling the presidential jet is placed at the artist's disposal and he is flown in it to the heart clinic in Houston, Texas. The plane stands by and flies Cuevas back when the heart condition is diagnosed as a figment of the artist's imagination.

Mexico's most famous mural painter, David Alfaro Siqueiros, was languishing in jail where Diaz Ordaz had put him after foolishly losing patience with the persistent slanders of this lifelong Communist. Release him, said Echeverría; give him complete freedom to articulate the Moscow line whenever and wherever it suits him. What possible harm could the aged revolutionary's championship of Brezhnev, Castro, and Allende do to Echeverría and his totalitarian PRI—so long as Siqueiros confined his favorite epithet "fascist" to Communism's critics in Washington? In the same issue of *Novedades* containing the cartoon of Uncle Sam as Satan there appeared a lengthy transcript of Siqueiros' latest fulmination. It had been delivered at a TV press interview in Rome where the 76-year-old artist had stopped off en route home from Moscow. After brushing aside with a quip the usual query by unkind reporters since 1940—was he the mastermind in Stalin's assassination of Trotsky in Mexico City?—Siqueiros addressed himself to questions about Echeverría. Echeverría, he was happy to say, "may now be said to reveal certain socialist tendencies. . . . The government of Mexico is not completely capitalist. It surges out of the Mexican Revolution and is to be complimented for its anti-imperialist declarations, even before the Congress of the United States in Washington!"

Is the Echeverría government indeed anticapitalist and faintly socialist? Of course not. Some foreign businessmen in Mexico, unfamiliar with the double standard, are alarmed by such declarations. They fear that President Echeverría's two principal pieces of legislation—his industrial investment diffusion bill and his land-distribution law—have socialist implications. They couldn't be more wrong. The President's "ideology," if he can be said to have one, is to temper Mexico's dependence on the United States by interesting Europeans to invest in the country—as well as Americans, and to complete the revolution's redistribution of land by stimulating the new peasant landowners to more productivity, thereby increasing their cash income so that they will become consumers. There is nothing new about either of these aims. Every president since Calles has tried in some measure to achieve them. And there is not really much that Echeverría can do about either discrepancy—given the aridity of two-thirds of Mexico, the non-Calvinistic nature of the Mexican, and the nation's proximity to the world's most prosperous people.

Tourists and Wetbacks

Consider the problem of investment and debt. Echeverría doesn't want to reduce the $2 to $3 billion American investment in Mexico. But he would like to control its allocation and use. The dilemma is that the more Mexicanization and control, the less capital will be interested and the more businesses will pull out. It is too early to see whether the moderate Foreign Investment Law, which became effective May 1, will have any effect. There is no sign that Echeverría's swing through Europe this spring to drum up European investors accomplished anything substantial. From all that I heard he came back from China and Russia bitterly disillusioned with the sight of poverty far worse than Mexico's. The Kremlin's refusal (at Cuba's insistence?) to sign the treaty of Tlatelolco, written under Diaz Ordaz, banning nuclear arms from Latin America, was particularly irritating because the United States had already agreed to sign.

Since 70 per cent of Mexico's exports go to the United States (Mexico's next best customer, Japan, buys only 8 per cent) any attempt to block the 60 to 70 per cent of Mexico's imports that come *from* the United States would be counterproductive. It costs Mexico 35 per cent of its foreign exchange receipts every year just to service its huge debt ($3.5 billion as of 1970). It is this borrowed money that accounts for Mexico's rapid economic growth, and this situation escapes being perilous only so long as new loans continue to provide half of Mexico's foreign exchange. The other half of Mexico's foreign exchange makes Mexico even more dependent on the United States for it comes from the two million tourists whose presence and influence so alarm the intellectuals. This American invasion—twenty times what it was in 1946—combines with the border trade to pump almost $2 billion into Mexico every year. And many estimate that the figure will double by the end of the decade.

Rural poverty, and the incapacity of Mexico City to absorb the millions pouring into it from the impoverished land, is a bigger internal problem. For although half the population of Mexico (as compared to less than a tenth in the United States) lives on the land, agriculture accounts for less than one-tenth of Mexico's total product. Distribution of land to the landless, the revolution's primary goal, has been virtually completed after fifty years. But this has resulted in the creation of tiny crowded *minifundios*, stagnant in production and uneconomic in size. Echeverría's Federal Agrarian Reform Law of 1971 was intended to strengthen the bargaining power of these small farmers by giving them credits and technical assistance. But three-quarters of all the crop sales still come from only 15 per cent of the farmers—those with farms large enough to be properly irrigated, seeded with intensive crops, planted and harvested by machines that require little labor: in short, competitive in the international market with American farm products produced under similar conditions.

The resulting millions of unemployed have only two places to go. To the cities, where they live marginally on tourism or charity, or find employment in the industries dependent on American investment. Or across the northern border to find seasonal work in the

(Continues on page 1193)

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MICHAEL GAZZANIGA

Is Psychosurgery Permissible?

HAVE YOU EVER walked down the long green corridors of a state mental hospital? In bed after bed, in ward after ward, there are huge numbers of people with severe behavioral disorders. They may sit staring out of windows or compulsively repeat some meaningless task. They may be doing any of a number of things—all wrapped in boredom and misery.

This setting has caused dozens of neurosurgeons all over the world to try to alleviate some of these problems with neurosurgical procedures. It is not an isolated enterprise. In England and Australia several procedures are used—more widely than in this country, perhaps mainly because of the almost total absence of malpractice suits there. Still, in America, psychosurgery is practiced from coast to coast and frequently in our major medical centers.

Psychosurgery is not done by isolated neurosurgeons—extremists or social zealots trying to remake our society. It is done by men trying to solve a problem and help their fellow man in the best medical tradition. But does this mean that even though the imperative is strong, psychosurgery should be done?

At this time most responsible scientific opinion holds that the scientific case for most if not all psychosurgical procedures is weak at best and that consequently the surgery should not be used as yet. This is maintained with full awareness that there are other general medical procedures commonly used with supporting data as scarce as in the case of psychosurgical intervention. When working with the liver, however, one is not considered to be working with an organ subserving the mind, and as a consequence these procedures go on with little or no public notice. Monkeying with the mind always brings out the reporters and with them the medical and scientific communities' best moral indignation that anything like an experimental method was in use.

And psychosurgical procedures are to my mind more fanciful than scientific. Consider the following: In one, a particular area of the brain, the amygdala complex of the temporal lobe, is removed in an attempt to cure unprovoked violent behavior. There have been literally hundreds of basic science papers on the subject—some of which have shown that when this anatomical complex is electrically stimulated in animals with implanted electrodes, violent rage occurs. Other studies show that removal of this structure in a violent animal produces a state of general tranquility. These rather dramatic data have contributed support to several theories of emotional behavior—and in particular of its physical basis. The point is, they are now only theories and there is a lot of scientific evidence to suggest that the original simple interpretation of what was happening is incorrect.

OTHER STUDIES, for example, have shown that cats with electrodes in the so-called rage centers of the brain in fact do go into rage when stimulated, if at the time of stimulation they are in a fearful environment. The exact same cat, however, placed in a "safe" area will only purr in response to the exact same amount of brain stimulation. In other words, much recent work would argue against the idea that there are specific sites for rage or peace in the brain. Rather, brain stimulation produces a general arousal which is then appropriately labeled by the general cognitive state in which the animal finds itself.

So the basic scientific theory and justification for intervention in this case is not all tied down and prudence is in order. In many other psychosurgical procedures it is impossible to evaluate their effectiveness, for published reports are all too often brief, unanalytical, and totally lacking in controls.

If and when medical knowledge is exact on these questions, should society allow surgical procedures that will irreversibly alter personality patterns? This is truly a mind-boggling question. Among other things, the decision will involve trade-offs. Are we willing to have Aunt Susie, who was once a vibrant personality but suddenly became a compulsive alcoholic, be cured of her compulsion if the cost is that she will also become a wallflower—a person with no real interests? Should Uncle Joe, who has become violent, be relieved of his problem only to find himself emotionally indisposed to continue his life's work?

TO ME, many of these questions are at present unanswerable, especially when they are put in the perspective of what little we now know about the brain and about the determinants of behavioral changes in general. It could be fairly said that at this time more profound changes in someone's personality are observed following the removal of a diseased kidney than following lesions of any of a thousand parts of his brain. It must be remembered that the brain sciences are still very ignorant of the workings of the mind or, more professionally, of higher cognitive processes. Those of us trying to find how the memory system works, for example, frequently conclude on a Friday afternoon that it must not be a part of the brain mechanism. Lesioning the brain surely affects the organism in some way, but the biggest job is usually to detect the behavioral change.

All the moral and social aspects of psychosurgery are not easy to determine now because the scientific status of the enterprise is not at all clear. Much more thinking and perspective on the subject are needed and should come from all quarters—not merely from neurosurgeons. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

A University Is Professors, Primarily

FOR AMERICAN colleges and universities, the era of bricks and mortar is almost ended. From the end of the Second World War until a year or two ago, enrollments moved swiftly upward—in part because university and college presidents delighted in a growth that was quantitative merely. The Federal Government, besides, dished out money profusely in grants or loans for laboratories, classroom buildings, dormitories—everything except chapels.

Now, however, enrollments have begun to shrink—or to remain static at best. Many prospective students and their parents have concluded that college is a snare and a delusion. The unemployment of recent graduates in education, engineering, and other disciplines persuades many high-school graduates to look for jobs, not places at college.

Wayne State University, in Detroit, had three thousand fewer students last year than it had enrolled the previous year. Many of the former teachers' colleges, now usually called state colleges or universities, have begun to retrench and reduce their staffs. Even superior state universities, like the University of California at Riverside, founded scarcely more than two decades ago, now feel the pinch. A good many small private colleges teeter on the brink of extinction, a drop of 10 per cent in their enrollments being ruinous to their finances.

The diminishing of enrollments, nevertheless, intensifies competition among both state and private colleges and universities. How can enough students be attracted to prevent staggering reduction of academic budgets by state legislatures? How can the private colleges keep their doors open at all, with half-empty dormitories?

One way to find more students, or rather replacements for vanished students, is to lower academic standards and admit any warm body. But already many universities and colleges (except, of course, for the long-established institutions with real prestige) have been scraping the bottom of the barrel of frosh intellectuality. There remains no large body of C-minus high-school graduates to be enticed into the halls of academe. And in the case of a private college, the warm freshman body has to pay fat tuition ordinarily, while the number of affluent families willing to expend several thousand dollars upon unintellectual Johnny is limited.

What to do? The "open curriculum" and such boondoggles no longer attract masses of students, for fraudulent curricula or noncurricula do not lead to gainful employment. The comparatively innocent diversions of yesteryear's campus no longer entice those bored young people who can get stronger meat elsewhere nowadays.

In this hour of travail, here and there academic administrators have hit upon a startling remedy: *Improve* academic standards. An institution which actually is so bold as to offer something for mind and conscience may interest young people who yearn wistfully after knowledge, or even after wisdom, while private benefactors and perhaps legislators are more inclined to reward a campus concerned for the works of the mind than one which has swept away all standards.

A REAL college or university is a community of scholars—the senior scholars, or professors, and the junior scholars, or reasonably serious students. If the senior scholars in this community are men and women of attainments, such a campus may draw, gradually, an increasing number of younger scholars not too indolent to think. The best way to draw attention to improvement of standards is to bring to a campus some eminent professors—whether from within the usual circle of the Academy or from realms beyond that charmed circle. These distinguished newcomers may be either visiting professors or made permanent members of the faculty. Their names and their performance will wake academic and public interest; and it costs a great deal less to secure their help than it does to build a new gym.

I offer two examples of how this is being done already—one a state university, the other a private liberal-arts college.

In Alabama, Troy State University (once a teachers' college) is the third biggest state institution. Its enrollment continues to grow, because its reputation improves. At Troy State, President Ralph Adams has persuaded a surprising number of well-known people to take temporary or permanent posts. Mr. John Chamberlain is the new dean of the school of journalism. Dr. Max Rafferty was appointed dean of the school of education as soon as he left California. Dr. Edward Teller, the famous physicist, will be at Troy this year; so will the versatile Dr. F. Northcote Parkinson, of Parkinson's Law. Mr. Woodi Ishmael, the portrait painter, is regularly on the staff. And other leading lights are in prospect.

In Michigan, at little Hillsdale College, President George Roche has no problem of shrinking enrollments or financial support. He has set up the Center for Constructive Alternatives, which brings well-known people from many walks of life to discuss big questions, to the high benefit of Hillsdale's undergraduates. Dr. Thomas Molnar, well known to readers of this page, will lecture in philosophy at Hillsdale all this academic year. And your servant, who writes these lines, will rejoice for one semester at Hillsdale in the title of visiting distinguished professor of humanities. (During the second semester, I'll be the same thing at Central Michigan University, the best of Michigan's former teachers' colleges.)

To bring to the campus scholars and people of broader reputation who can earn a livelihood beyond the shadow of the Ivory Tower, usually it is necessary to let them teach what they like as they like. That will reduce somewhat the pedantry, dullness, and vacuity of Behemoth U. or Dismal Swamp A. & M. The better members of an institution's permanent staff usually welcome such newcomers, as allies in the struggle against the degradation of the higher learning. When Mr. William Buckley is appointed perambulatory dean of Yale's divinity school, the revolution will be complete. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

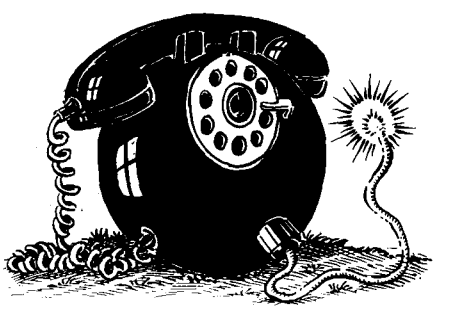
Sorry, Wrong Revolution

The Phone Phreaks. My God, they look like some paradigmatic Bronx High School of Science class on the lam. Their sweat is acrid, uncosmetized: It reeks of shorted wires and ozone. Ungainly at the hip. Holsters there: a slide rule, a pair of pliers, wrenches from crayfish to lobster size. It's a wonder the weight doesn't ring them like doomed trees. Maybe it does: They don't walk, they shuffle. Knee joints calcified. Bright, promising young men. Except for one thing: They wear masks. It's a hot day to be incognito; there's no airconditioning in the Hotel Diplomat Grand Ballroom.

A handout says, "You will learn many techniques that people are using to retaliate upon Pa Bell and other Giant Corporations. Many of these techniques are illegal, while others are not. We do not advocate the illegal activities." Yes. Right. And when an (alleged) mugger traps me, he'll say, "This is not a holdup, hand over your money." In two hours I didn't see one damned legal technique at the Phone Phreak Convention. Unless the First Amendment guarantees free long-distance speech. And, baby, it was all advocated.

They teach seminar style, by closed circuit TV. Over here, learn how to perform a complete hysterectomy on your Con Ed meter. Over there, build a Red Box, Blue Box, Black Box. Center stage: Counterfeit slugs from #4 washers; trepan a parking meter; baste epoxy resin into a pay phone slot. It's as if Sesame Street were teaching the ABCs of fraud. The idea sounds catchy: a revolution by technology against the technological society. Only trouble is, you better have a graduate degree in electrical engineering. Not the revolution for me: I need four-color diagrams to set my alarm clock. "Loosen the RR screw and remove the green wire. Then wrap the other shrdlu . . ." The closed-circuit audio has loose bridgework. People watch, but they don't take notes. Workers of the world unite, all you've got to lose is your sanity. This isn't what I'd call an exportable revolution. It isn't meant to be: It's a shout of postpubic defiance, nothing more than that.

THERE ARE eerie moments. Hand in hand, five sightless young people snake through the packed ballroom. Their



mouths are open: Perhaps another sense, a bat's sonar, has developed in compensation. I recall Brueghel's painting, *The Blind Leading the Blind*. They have perfect pitch, get toll-free calls by whistling fake phone frequencies. Heartening to think: Handicaps won't keep really determined men from a life of deceit. There's one youth dressed as a gigantic pay phone. His partner indicates vulnerable spots in the cardboard torso. "Take an electric drill. It's like hitting three cherries in Reno. Next time you make a call to Amsterdam, just drill here and here and here —you'll get your money back." Of course, you'd never take anyone else's money. That'd be a crime. Must be fun, jamming into a phone booth with two nickels and forty pounds of drill equipment.

The credit-card dodge is recommended. A fat man explains; his beard is rabbinical; his black suit so shiny it stuns like flash bulbs. I see the outline of a tire tread along one lapel; maybe he sleeps in a parking lot. "The idea is to make someone else pay the bills. Someone you don't like. A big corporation. Republican National Headquarters. You can get area codes and numbers at the 42nd Street Library. Just call the operator and follow our Phone Phreak chart—give the credit-card billing code that matches the area code. It's foolproof. In New York they can't check you out: too much volume. I haven't paid for a call in five years. I don't even own a phone." I see why. His fingernails are two inches long. They curve down like potato peelings. He couldn't get close enough to dial.

For two bits they sell back issues of YIPL—the *Youth International Party Line*. No. 15 gives it away: "Why are they ripping off the phone company? YIPL members are actors in a play and the world is watching. And we're having a lot of fun." Masks continue the theme. It's a voyeur's revolution: secret, cheap, riskless. Ripped-off phone calls come in at the level of a water bag dropped from a tenth floor apartment window. The phone co. may take it seriously; I can't. There are no pranks in guerrilla warfare. Phreak ingenuity self-defeats. The convention had a pathetic publicness. One petition stated, "Be it resolved. That telephone security agents assigned to the convention ought to receive at least time-and-a-half." Boys who, at age two, used to recite a precocious "Three Little Piggies Went To Market" for their parents' early dinner guests. They haven't had attention since. Naturally the surrogate antagonist is called Ma or Pa Bell.

THEIR propaganda would give Mao gas. The inconsistencies are thunderous. Hell, with their epoxy squirt guns, they have the gall to complain of bad service. "It's not just the rate increases that burn me up about Bell. It's that lousy Bell service. Lousy service comes from rotten equiptment [sic] and asinine employees." Problem: Telephone operators are grunts in the people's revolutionary army. You don't convert by calling prospective disciples asinine. Half the time YIPL feels sorry for operators. "The telephone company offers

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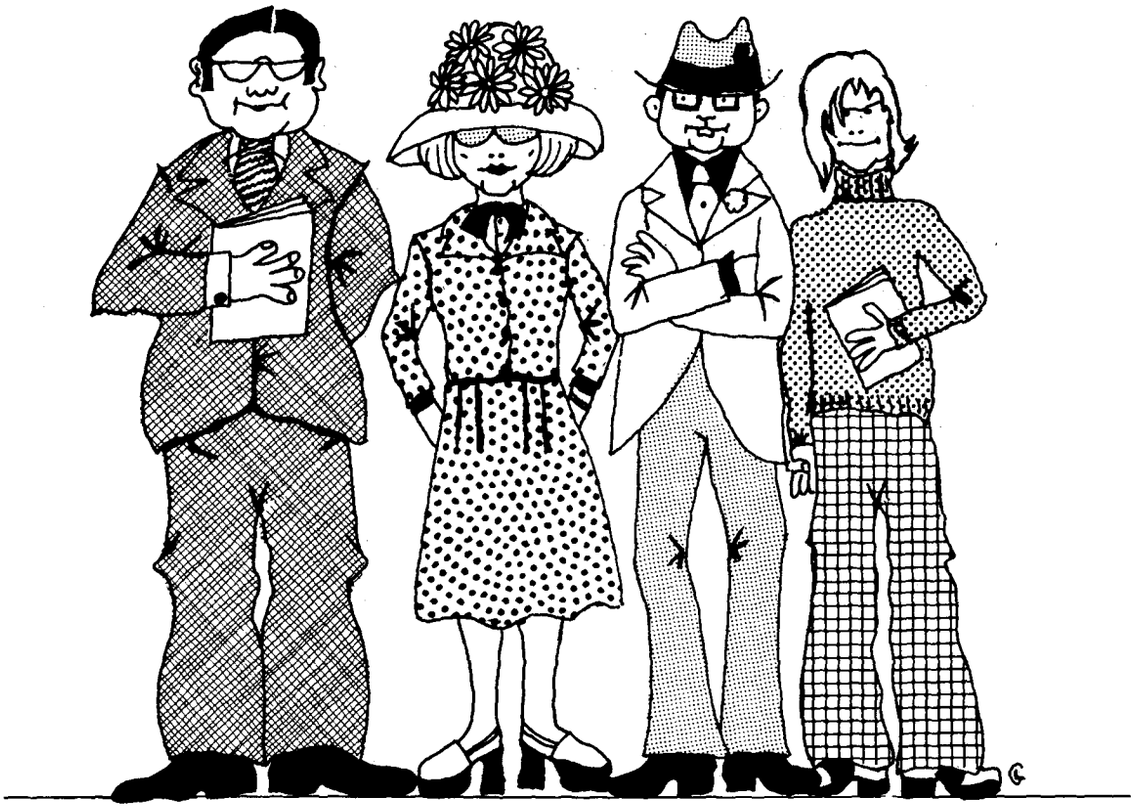

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its operators two kinds of headsets. [One] has a comfortable earmount which is cushioned . . . would you believe that you have to pay them for this . . . if you are an operator?" That's the idea: Harass employees, then prescribe for their earaches.

Illogicality comes with the phranchise. While shorting Ma Bell somewhat, phreak strategy inconveniences people a lot. This tends to cause laughable retroflexions in the radical hard line. After giving the recipe for an epoxy enema, YIPL gets nervous about begummed emergency pay-phone calls. And listen to this, "Check the obituaries in the local papers for dead single people . . . then call like crazy giving the deceased's phone number. Make sure the stiff doesn't have a family. They have enough to worry about without being bugged by the phone company." A scrupulous failure of nerve. The Phone Phreaks alienate Americans in direct ratio to their success. No way around it. And imagine: All that effort to put through an illicit call and what do they say? Probably, "Pick up a couple pounds ground chuck on your way home." It's a life of anticlimax.

YIPL prints noted establishment phone numbers as a harassment tactic. Nixon's law firm, for instance. As conservative counterinsurgency, I print the numbers of Captain Crunch and Joe Engressia, Phone Phreak field marshals. That's 408-255-2977 and 901-452-2102 respectively. Call them up the next time you get in at 4 A.M. Tell them they're stupid. Collect. □

AUGURIES

NOEL PERRIN

Reflections After Reading a Sex Manual

Birth, copulation, and death. Central to life, and also to the publishing industry. Every age has its birth books, its sex books, and its death books. (Though, because birth is an event more or less wasted on its central character, birth books tend to be mere directives for the supporting cast: clinical works for doctors and midwives, advice to expectant mothers.) Sex and death dominate. Tragedy for death, comedy for sex. Murder mysteries, war novels, and westerns for death; hip literature, pornography, and the new novel of violence for sex. Poetry for both.

In our culture, though not in all, this trinity has been closely followed by another: class, money, and power. Silver-spoon novels in the eighteenth century. Rags-to-riches stories and true lives of millionaires in the nineteenth. The making of presidents and studies of global politics now. Jane Austen wrote about money; John O'Hara specialized in class. Herman Kahn and Theodore White deal in power.

EVERY age naturally writes about these things differently. Sometimes it defines itself by the ones it places first, like the eighteenth century giving precedence to class and money. A man is a gentleman, or he is not. He has five thousand pounds a year, or he is a needy younger son. The first requirement of even the most romantic heroine, two hundred years ago, was that she be an heiress. Next that she be wellborn. Not that the other themes were absent. Usually she was also young (far from death) and beautiful (ripe for sex). But first she had money and class.

Sometimes the definition comes through what is glossed over. The Victorian age is justly famous for attempting to gloss over sex. Most things our great-grandfathers could and did look at with level eyes. Kipling was unembarrassed by power. Dickens wrote death scenes in almost lurid detail. James Fenimore Cooper seems actually obscene to modern college students because of his frank interest in members of the upper class. But from sex Victorians carefully looked away. It generally appeared dressed in white and calling itself a love story.

An age comes clearest in its manuals. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the question of how to die was universally interesting, and death manuals abound. That ancient work *Ars Bene Moriendi* was indeed already around from the Middle Ages, but now new ones proliferated. Erasmus wrote one called simply *Preparation to Deathe*. Jeremy Taylor wrote a very famous one called *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying*. A man named Thomas Lupset offered a kind of Masters and Johnson thoroughness with his *A Compendious and a Very Fruteful Treatyse, Teachynge the Way of Dyenge Well*.

Manuals seem especially revealing in our own age. Consider what you find in an American bookstore now. There are no death manuals at all. Or, rather, they exist only in reverse form: manuals on how not to die, otherwise known as health books. Jeremy Taylor, writing now, would have to retitle his book *Live Longer, Feel Better*, or possibly *Pray Your Way to Ninety*. Class manuals, alias etiquette books, are still around, but clearly in a diminished form. Almost no one now studies how to write a "correct" love letter or letter of condolence (that is, high-class sex letters and death letters). People do consult Emily Post or Gloria Vanderbilt on what bridesmaids should wear. But often surreptitiously. There are families in which being caught in the act of reading an etiquette book would be a cause of horrible embarrassment, on the grounds that it is indecent to care about such things, in the same way that a bride a century ago would have been mortified to be caught reading a book on what to expect at Niagara Falls.

MONEY manuals are present and thriving, but they, too, seem less respectable than they once did. Nick Carraway, Fitzgerald's representative in *The Great Gatsby*, cited his possession of money manuals as proof that he was a really nice and serious young man.

Noel Perrin, *chairman of the Dept. of English at Dartmouth, wrote* Dr. Bowdler's Legacy, . . . **Nika Hazelton** *is writing a children's cookbook.*

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"I bought a dozen volumes on banking and credit and investment securities, and they stood on my shelf in red and gold like new money from the mint." He spent his evenings ("a conscientious hour," anyway) in the library of the Yale Club, studying the art of making money. Yale graduates still go freely into brokerage houses, but few under thirty have Nick's assurance that this automatically makes them nice guys.

Power manuals are a specialty of professors of political science, and there are plenty of them in the Seventies. But power, too, is clearly less glamorous than it was in Napoleon's time, or even John F. Kennedy's. The commune is a conscious effort to get away from power. The permissive parent—in the middle class, that means about 90 per cent—is the one who has rejected a power role, and hopes to do it all with love. Why are policemen under attack? Among other reasons, because they're symbols of coercive power, right down to the gun and stick.

WHAT remains (besides obstetrics—itself a little threatened by overpopulation) is the sex manual. As we all know, it is thriving as never before. Naturally. If class is obscene and death too upsetting to think about, and power a dirty word, and money a little bit tainted, human interest has to flow somewhere. *The Rule and Exercises of Intercourse* is a normal and quite predictable book of our time. If Nick Carraway has a son, he just spends his conscientious hour in another room. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Bordeaux II

Two events have been making big waves in Bordeaux this summer and fall. The first is that Baron Philippe de Rothschild finally got his dearest wish, namely the reclassification of his Château Mouton Rothschild from second growth (or level) to first, up there with the four giants, Château Lafite, Rothschild Latour, Margaux, and Haut Brion. Not that Mouton Rothschild ever cost less or was less appreciated than its four new brothers; we can only speculate on what political influence and cases of vintage Mouton it must have cost the Baron to have broken the sacrosanct 1855 classification of the wines of Bordeaux. I have been told that the enormous oil refinery sitting bang in the middle of the Medoc wine country on the Garonne, not far from the Château Mouton Rothschild vineyards, is somehow connected with the Rothschild financial interests. Whether this is true or not, it is interesting that none of the grand and great chateau owners of the region protested its going up, while the angels of the environment no doubt covered their eyes with their wings. When questioned about the effect on the vineyards, the Bordeaux people tiptoe away from the subject, implying that it does not harm the grapes. All one can say is, *Tiens.*

IN 1855 there was an international fair in Paris, and the Bordeaux wine people were asked to come up with some sort of rating for their wines. Basing their opinions on the soil, production, prices, and reputations current at the time, and also on their own preferences, five growths (or levels) were created, which still exist as yardsticks of excellence, in spite of several wars, plant epidemics, dozens of management changes, improvements in winemaking, and changes in the international wine business. The unfair thing about the 1855 classification is that it keeps out newer, excellent wines, which more than deserve to be in, and keeps in unworthy ones simply because they were there in 1855 (I think of a splendid wine called Château Maucaillou, superior to many a fourth and even third growth, but developed after 1855).

The other, really big wave is the scandal about the adulteration and false labeling of a large number of red wine bottles bearing the name of one of the haughtiest of Bordeaux wine-merchant houses, Cruse. Whether Cruse is rightly accused or not no one can tell until the investigation is finished, so let us not cast any premature aspersions. But the fact remains that just as with Beaujolais, more Bordeaux is drunk than can be produced within the strictly defined territory that alone can give a legitimate name to Bordeaux wine. It must be remembered that Bordeaux wine is not composed of only one kind of wine, but of a mixture of several kinds from the same carefully defined origin, and that this basic make-up of Bordeaux wine obviously lends itself to fudging. It has been said that some of the component wines come from Portugal, Algeria, and Italy; it is certain that much comes from the vast, amorphous wine-producing regions of southern France. In any case, the fact remains that the demand is now enormous and that the merchants who, when prices were very low, lorded it over the producers, now run after whatever they can get. The legitimate chateau owners, who bottle their own wines, are now in the seller's seat. I don't think the scandal is going to make any difference to American Bordeaux wine lovers, who chafe under the current prices. The American wine merchants who have been sending out

scare catalogues telling us that the wines are going up and that we must buy now are, in a way, hoist by their own petards, because the wines are getting simply too expensive to drink. Recently, three different collectors of noble vintage Bordeaux at reasonable prices told me that they cannot bear to drink the vintages that should be drunk now, at their peak, because they shudder at drinking up a bottle fetching $80, $100, or more.

ON THE other hand, everybody should face the fact that cheap wine is not always what it says it is. More than ever, it is important for Bordeaux lovers to seek out wines from the smaller chateaux (some outside the 1855 classification because they are new) imported by reputable American importers. These wines are carefully and honestly made by their owners and bottled on the estate. I tasted a number of them on my recent trip to Bordeaux. Among those which I especially liked and will buy here are a Haut Medoc called Château d'Arche and a Saint Estephe named Château Tronquoy-Lalande and two Saint Emilions, namely Château Teyssier and Château Pavie Decesse. They are imported by Munson Shaw, and I consider them good drinking and good value. □

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BOOKS

One Damn Thing after Another

The Americans: The Democratic Experience
By Daniel Boorstin
Random House, 717 pp., $10

JACK CHATFIELD

A deep unease characterizes modern social thought. Sociology itself, as Robert Nisbet has written in *The Sociological Tradition*, was founded by men surveying the ruins of the ordered world of the *ancien régime*, mourning the passing of the organic communities of pre-revolutionary Europe, and deploring the advent of bourgeois industrialism and the apocalyptic rationalism of Robespierre and St. Just. The greatest social philosophers of the past two hundred years—men like de Tocqueville, Durkheim, and Weber—saw the idea of progress as largely a delusion. Unlike Karl Marx (a visionary without the tragic sense; an intellectual descendant of Christian millennialists), modern sociologists set out to describe the world and not to change it. Change, they believed, was a force complex and ambiguous in its social and moral effects, and one likely to deliver us from some evils into the hands of others.

Daniel Boorstin began his monumental social history of the United States 15 years ago in a spirit of optimism, but the publication of the final volume of his trilogy places him in the ranks of the great pessimists of the modern world. To put it simply, Boorstin has changed his tune. Once the celebrant of the "genius" of Americans for improvisation and creative change, Boorstin now sees American culture as a casualty of the technological revolution. In 1953 he wrote that intellectuals have been "readier to tell us what we lack than to help us discover what we have." In 1973, with the tensions of the cold war and Korea well behind us, Boorstin has risen to a more profound insight: Much of what we lack—community—we lack because of what we have—a "democratic experience" with technology, consumption, and abundance.

WHEN he was primarily a political historian and scholar of Jefferson, Boorstin was preoccupied with explaining how democratic institutions evolved in the American setting. But in recent years he has been drawn toward studying the impact of technology on the social structure of America. *The Americans: The Democratic Experience* is a dense chronicle of technological changes and the social and economic institutions—such as high schools, supermarkets, and I.Q. tests—to which these changes have given birth.

In his unencumbered prose, Boorstin gives splendid accounts of the development of the electric light, plate glass, the sewing machine, petroleum, and celluloid; the growth of the department store, the "five-and-dime," the mail-order house, and rural free delivery; the philosophies of G. Stanley Hall (the psychologist of adolescence), Frederick Taylor (the exponent of "scientific management"), and Dale Carnegie. His early chapters on the iconography of cattle branding, the cattle drive, and the growth of cow towns are among the most informative and fascinating in the book. His account of the work of photographer Alfred Stieglitz will be applauded by art historians. His chapters on the legal profession, the franchise, and credit-rating firms offer fresh insights into phenomena which are central to our culture. His biographies of men like Huntington Hartford, F. W. Woolworth, Montgomery Ward, and Richard Sears remind us that the foundations of the urban consumer economy were laid by young men who came from the country to the city and spent their lives inadvertently destroying the economic and cultural life of village America.

BOORSTIN, who is currently Director of the National Museum of History and Technology of the Smithsonian Institute, is no twentieth-century Luddite, and he is not about to retire to hoe a bean row in Vermont. Yet he clearly is saddened by some of the unintended consequences of technological innovation and the "democratization" of the production and distribution of goods and services. He believes Americans have suffered an "attenuation" of social life, a flattening and thinning of the cul-

Jack Chatfield *teaches at Watkinson School in Hartford, Connecticut. . . .* **William J. Winslade** *is professor of philosophy at the University of California, Riverside. . . .* **J. Bernard Burnham** *is senior economist at the Mellon Bank in Pittsburgh. . . .* **Thomas E. Cronin** *is at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. . . .* **Edward N. Luttwak** *is a freelance writer living in Washington, D.C.*

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: In *The American Connection*, John Pekkanen charges the drug industry with fighting efforts to control pill-popping (Follett, $7.95). . . . Indiana reissues Leon Edel's study of *Literary Biography* ($5.95; paper, $1.95). . . . They said it couldn't be done, but James C. Gleeson and Brian Meyer have translated Ogden Nash into Latin in *Ave Ogden!* (Little, Brown, $5.95). . . . Retired from teaching but still writing, Sidney Hook probes *Education and the Taming of Power* (Open Court, $8.95). . . . Forty former boxing champs tell their stories in Peter Heller's *In This Corner. . . !* (Simon & Schuster, $9.95). . . . *Abortion and Social Justice* is a collection of essays sponsored by Americans United for Life, 230 N. Michigan, Chicago 60601.

■ CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS: Now out and amply illustrated, J. B. Priestley's *The English* (Viking, $17.95). . . . *Grandma Moses*, by Otto Kallir boasts 1,353 illustrations (Abrams; $32.50 till Jan. 1, then $40). . . . *The Eddie Condon Scrapbook of Jazz* has a foreword by the late John Steinbeck and hundreds of photos (St. Martin's, Oct., $17.50). . . . Robert M. Ketchum's *Will Rogers* has over 400 illustrations (McGraw-Hill, $12.95 till Jan. 1, then $15; deluxe edition $15 till Jan. 1, then $17.50). . . . *The Middle Ages* is an illustrated history of daily life by Robert Delort (Universe, Oct., $35). . . . *The Layman's Parallel Bible* is a good idea: parallel columns of the King James Version, the Modern Language Bible, the Living Bible and the Revised Standard Version (Zondervan, 2 bindings: $14.95 and $19.95).

■ COMING NEXT MONTH: *The Future of the Corporation* is edited by Herman Kahn and features contributions by Peter Drucker and Daniel Bell (Mason & Lipscomb, $8.95). . . . Richard Kostelanetz may ruffle the Literary Establishment with *The End of Intelligent Writing* (Sheed & Ward, $10). . . . Aaron is the *Burr* of Gore Vidal's new novel (Random, $8.95). . . . *Evelyn Waugh and His World* is a collection of essays by such as Peter Quennell, Douglas Woodruff, and Alan Pryce-Jones, the whole assembled by the latter (Little, Brown, $12.95). . . . Fresh idea from St. Martin's: The eminent write about the more eminent (Schlesinger on JFK, Sam Rosenman on FDR, etc.) in *The History Makers* ($10.95).

Volume III of C. L. Sulzberger's diaries, *An Age of Mediocrity*, spans 1964-72 (Macmillan, $12.95). . . . Adam Ulam follows his life of Lenin with one on *Stalin* (Viking, $12.95). . . . Duke Ellington's autobiography, *Music Is My Mistress*, is big and illustrated (Doubleday, $14.95). . . . From Knopf, Shirley Ann Grau's *The Wind Shifting West* is her latest short-story collection ($6.95).

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tural environment. In his chapter on "Consumption Communities," he writes:

> The modern American, then, was tied, if only by the thinnest of threads and by the most volatile, switchable loyalties, to thousands of other Americans in nearly everything he ate or drank or drove or read or used. Old-fashioned political and religious communities now became only two among many new, once unimagined fellowships. Americans were increasingly held to others not by a few iron bonds but by countless gossamer webs knitting together the trivia of their lives.

This is not a hymn to American abundance. Boorstin, who in *The Colonial Experience* wrote sympathetically of the much maligned Puritans, sees—indeed, *feels*—the costs of "progress" and the replacement of *Gemeinschaft* by the suburban neighborhood of the mobile professional. His chapter titles alone make the reader feel as though he is being taken on a pilgrimage through a bizarre, weightless world: "Homogenizing Space," "Time Becomes Fungible," "Making Experience Repeatable," "The Decline of the Unique and the Secret," "The Thinner Life of Things," "The Exotic Becomes Commonplace." Occasionally, when he talks philosophy, it is to tell us what we have lost beyond possible recovery:

> [In the past] man was the only measure of man. Life was a series of unrelivable, unrepeatable episodes. Time was a procession of unique moments—each was now and never again. The past had gone beyond recall.
>
> In twentieth-century America even this old truism would cease to be true. For time became "fungible," a series of closely measured, interchangeable units. Time was no longer a stream and had become a production line.

It is impossible in a short essay to do justice to the breadth and richness of this work of high scholarship about common things. Yet one finishes the book with a curious sense of incompleteness. Boorstin is the master compiler, the historical collector, the scholar who approaches his work without hampering preconceptions and who allows his research to guide him into hitherto hidden channels. This is his great strength. But, like America, Boorstin is abundant in some things (details) and thin in others (analysis).

His publishers have compared him to de Tocqueville, but the comparison is contrived. De Tocqueville was the great synthesizer, a man whose perceptions took him beyond compilation to the distillation of general principles from what he had seen. One does not find anything approaching de Tocqueville's chapters on the impact of democracy on the family, or the military spirit in a democracy. De Tocqueville analyzed a society as one would an organism: He sought essences and analyzed processes. It is one thing *to describe* how plate glass is made; it is quite another to tell, as de Tocqueville did, "How the Principle of Equality Naturally Divides the Americans Into a Multitude of Small Private Circles." Boorstin gives a fine account of the birth of the streetcar suburbs. But how might the existence of these working class neighborhoods with quick access to the shopping palaces of the central city have impeded the rise of socialism? There is an answer, but Boorstin doesn't look for it.

THE AUTHOR of *Democracy in America* brought a framework of *ideas* to his work and used these ideas to draw connections between one aspect of a culture and another. He knew that a culture, like a personality, was, in a way which might remain forever mysterious, an *integrated* whole; and then, when it ceased to be integrated, it ceased being a culture at all. Boorstin is attempting to describe a more complicated and variegated nation than the one de Tocqueville observed one hundred and forty years ago. Yet that does not explain why Boorstin's book is less of an analysis of modern America than a very long list of the things that have happened here since 1865—"one damn thing after another," as an historian friend described it recently.

We know from reading *The Democratic Experience* that in the last one hundred years Americans have undergone a revolution in the way they live and perceive the world. Yet Boorstin tells us more about how the *world* has changed than he does about the changing lives of the people in it.

We know that Americans live in heated and airconditioned homes, burn

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electric lights, cook over stoves, flush away excreta, watch television, take photographs, and eat food from cans. We know that their lives have "thinned." Yet Boorstin ignores such matters as the changing nature of the family or the way in which Americans grow old and die. He tells us nothing about whether Americans belong to clubs or churches or how they make friends. He ignores the way lives of women have changed, or the manner in which adolescents see the world. All these things are intertwined with the technological innovations of the past century. They are matters which do not allow of easy answers; Boorstin should at least have posed the questions.

No CRITICISM can detract from Boorstin's substantial accomplishment. He has told us about as much of what we ought to know as any American historian of this generation. But he has overlooked or decided not to pursue certain matters which are vital to an understanding of our past. The history of families, asylums, and schools—to select some examples from many—is being written or rewritten by an enterprising and creative group of historians which includes John Demos, David Rothman, and Michael Katz. Combining the instincts of the historian and the cultural anthropologist, these "institutionalists" are taking soundings in some of the unexplored waters of the American past. One hopes that Boorstin's work, like theirs, continues. □

Wittgenstein's Vienna
By Allan Janik and Stephen Toulmin
Simon and Schuster, 314 pp., $8.95
Wittgenstein
By William Warren Bartley III
Lippincott, 192 pp., $6.95

THE ENIGMA OF A GENIUS

WILLIAM J. WINSLADE

The imposing genius and powerful personality of Ludwig Wittgenstein have dominated much of Anglo-American philosophy for more than half a century. His genius is manifested in two major works, the *Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus* (1922) and *Philosophical Investigations* (1953). In each book Wittgenstein boldly explores the foundations, purposes, and limits of language. In the *Tractatus* he presents a systematic critique of language designed not only to reveal the underlying logical form of reality but also to separate and mark off distinctly the realm of fact—the domain of science—and the realm of value—the domain of ethics, aesthetics, and religion. In the posthumously published *Philosophical Investigations* language is no longer viewed through the prism of formal logic and mathematics; instead, Wittgenstein describes the subtle ways in which language shapes and guides everyday human activities (forms of life). Although distinctions can be made between fact and value, science and nonscience, the boundaries are blurred. The *Tractatus* seeks to lay bare the logical skeleton of language; *Philosophical Investigations* depicts in detail its living body.

Just as Wittgenstein's philosophical writings are expressed in aphorisms and imaginative illustrations, until recently his personality has been engulfed in enigma; what information existed had been conveyed through anecdotes passed on by his devoted philosophy students. As a result, only selected initiates have been privy to the mysteries of Wittgenstein's life. With the publication of *Wittgenstein's Vienna* and *Wittgenstein* more information has been revealed, but the picture is still incomplete.

Janik and Toulmin's comprehensive interdisciplinary study of late Habsburg Vienna illuminates the social and cultural background that gave shape and direction to Wittgenstein's intellectual problems. The dominant theme in *Wittgenstein's Vienna* is the way in which Wittgenstein the man and the *Tractatus* mirror a problem that emerged in that ambience: the connection between facts and values. In journalism, for example, writers of the feuilleton failed to distinguish properly between an objective description of a situation and a subjective response of the writer. An analogous confusion occurs when no distinction is made between the useful and the ornamental; to ignore the difference between a chamber pot and an urn falsifies the factual and debases the aesthetic elements of experience. When facts and values are illegitimately fused, it is a natural temptation to respond by separating them too sharply. Thus logical positivists sought to rescue scientific language from superstition by charging that all concepts not susceptible to empirical verification of the physical sciences are meaningless. Going wholly in the other direction, aesthetes rejected science as worthless and sought solace by alienating themselves not merely from science, but from society as a whole. Both tendencies slide into ideologies which purchase their own security at the cost of denying the significance of the other enterprise. (One is reminded of the nineteenth-century conflict between science and religion and the more recent bifurcation between the "two cultures" of science and the humanities.)

Wittgenstein's *Tractatus*, though a general critique of language, was supposed to distinguish properly and to prevent confusion about facts and values. The strategy was to articulate the underlying conditions for rational discourse about facts, i.e., to set the boundaries of science, and to point toward, while remaining silent about, the "higher" realm of value (ethics, aesthetics, and religion). While trying to avoid the dual pitfalls of confusing facts and values or ignoring one element or the other, Wittgenstein provided a theoretical framework which preserved the distinction between facts and values only by radically separating them. Wittgenstein writes in the *Tractatus*: "The sense of the world must lie outside the world. In the world everything is as it is and happens as it does happen: *In* it there is no value—and if there were, it would be of no value." Thus the separation between facts and values that grew out of their illicit marriage in Viennese culture did not result in a reconciliation in Wittgenstein's *Tractatus*.

Although Janik and Toulmin insist that their "book is in no sense a biography of Wittgenstein, either personal or intellectual," their study does provide important insights into the mind and personality of a man as puzzling as his philosophical writings. But it is true

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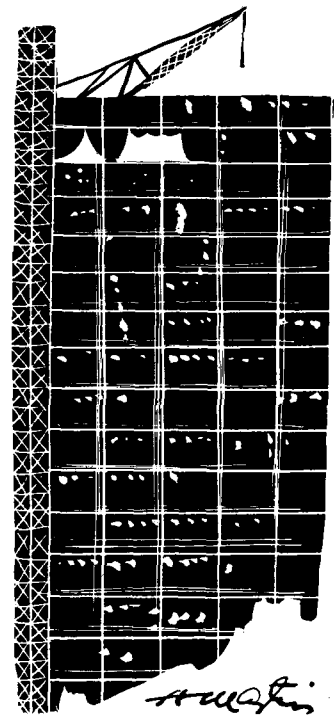
that they do not attempt "to grope after the ultimate source of Wittgenstein's deepest intellectual attitudes in his personal temperament and makeup," on the grounds that this "would, very likely, betray us into unprofitable and irrelevant speculations." Contrary to these cautionary remarks, William Warren Bartley III brings out some valuable clues about Wittgenstein's dreams, fantasies, family relationships, and sexual life, which played an important role in shaping his personality. Bartley discusses candidly but without rancor Wittgenstein's homosexuality and the emotional traumas in his life that undoubtedly had a significant impact upon his thoughts and feelings. The book partially satisfies an obvious need for a closer examination of the connection between Wittgenstein's life and his philosophy. However, as the author fully recognizes, much biographical work remains undone. Bartley has provided us with a preliminary sketch for a more complete portrait.

Though not a prodigious scholarly work like *Wittgenstein's Vienna*, Bartley's *Wittgenstein* covers some of the same ground in condensed form. Both books emphasize Wittgenstein's deep roots in Viennese life and culture. *Wittgenstein's Vienna* can be favorably compared to an archeological reconstruction, whereas *Wittgenstein* reads more like an adventure or detective story. Although both books fill a genuine need, Bartley's book is likely to appeal to a much wider audience—or at least *it is more likely to be read.*

A LARGE part of Bartley's book covers the decade of Wittgenstein's life following the First World War. Interesting but incomplete psychological data and new information about Wittgenstein's life during the period from 1920 to 1926, while he was teaching elementary school in remote Austrian mountain villages, are assembled. What emerges is a picture of Wittgenstein as an eccentric man but inspirational teacher who had a profound effect upon the inner life of his students, especially those who accepted an invitation to intellectual adventure. We learn not only that Wittgenstein was extremely sensitive to and concerned about his students, but also why his relationships with parents and administrators, with a few exceptions, were strained if not acrimonious. We also learn that, contrary to current Wittgenstein mythology, Wittgenstein did



not give up philosophy while teaching school. Instead, one begins to appreciate how puzzles and stories that engage the imaginations of small children also perplex logicians and metaphysicians. In Wittgenstein, the curiosity and imagination of the child were integrated with the rationality and creativity of the adult; these are some of the elements that help to explain his extraordinary philosophical genius. □

Corporate Power and Social Responsibility
By Neil H. Jacoby
Macmillan, 282 pp., $10

DEFENDING THE CORPORATIONS

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

A truly successful defense of the status quo requires impressive talents: intimate knowledge of the existing situation and the opposition; a willingness to concede minor points and to advocate "constructive change"; an ability to deflate decisively the key arguments of the enemy; and, finally, a sense of style and elan, an eagerness to draw blood and relish points scored.

Professor Jacoby (UCLA) has not swept the opposition off the field in his new encyclopedic survey of the American corporation, but he obviously is going to give plenty of aid and comfort to those who inhabit the executive suites of American business. Consider the following points scored:

—The mythology of the supposed increasing concentration of American business is effectively demolished with all the numbers any corporate public-relations speechwriter could possibly use.

—The standard corollary to the "increasing concentration" *thesis*—declining competition—is similarly revealed to be without foundation.

—Management science techniques have enabled ever larger and more diverse organizations, such as conglomerates, to be effectively managed, with benefits to consumers, stockholders, and managers.

—The multinational firm is an inevitable outgrowth of trends in worldwide economic activity, technology, and, once again, management-science techniques (but wasn't the British East India Company also a multinational?).

—Involvement in politics is a natural and required form of activity if the corporation is to protect itself from competitors and other groups seeking to use government for their own ends.

—Corporate government (i.e., boards of directors) is fundamentally sound, although there is a convincing case for more—and better paid—outside directors with broader responsibilities.

—The relationship of the corporation to the environment and other current "social concerns" *cannot depend upon* some vague concept of "social responsibility" but on profit-maximizing responses to the legal and economic restraints that the political process imposes on the private sector.

THROUGHOUT his survey Professor Jacoby demonstrates that he knows his terrain and the opposition's arguments. He makes some relatively uncontroversial suggestions for constructive change. But *Corporate Power and Social Responsibility* will never be the definitive answer to critics of the existing situation, because it lacks an intellectually strong unifying theme and betrays an inability to demolish the naive assumptions which underlie so many of the attacks made on business.

The one interesting and semi-original idea in the book—the notion that the "classical market" and the more recent "managerial" models of corporate be-

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havior have now been replaced by a "social environment" model, which places an increasing premium on responding to nonmarket forces—is briefly treated and then dropped. Otherwise, Professor Jacoby has given us no more —or less—than a competent compendium and a responsible brief defending the current role of the business corporation in American life. □

The Presidency in Flux
By George E. Reedy
Columbia University Press, 133 pp., $5.95

ONE ON A SEESAW

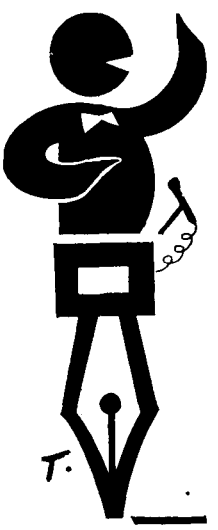
THOMAS E. CRONIN

Author Reedy came to the public's attention primarily as a result of a short stint as President Lyndon Johnson's first press secretary. He later gained a certain amount of notice in journalistic and academic circles for his provocative and useful short volume, not quite appropriately entitled *The Twilight of the Presidency*. Unlike so many of those pompous and dreary memoirs penned by scores of former White House counselors, Reedy's book was a rather bitter account of what he felt was the growing isolation of Presidents from reality. His message then, and it is repeated often in these lectures, is that recent Presidents are regrettably without peers; hence an aloof, regal arrogance, combined with an advisory system almost designed to deceive the incumbent, has resulted. Reedy's gloomy analysis found a welcome audience among a large number of journalists and academics who for the first time since FDR had begun to question the premise that activist, purposeful Presidents were what was needed to lead this nation to the promised land.

His message was not an unimportant one, though it struck many readers as embellished and as too singularly a characterization of the later Lyndon Johnson years. In any event, embattled as the Presidency has clearly become, its twilight is still in the distant future. Indeed, a rather tough institution, the Presidency is likely to be with us for a long time to come, Vietnam and Watergate notwithstanding. The important point, however, is that the task of making the Presidency safe for democracy is a significant concern; and, implicitly if not explicitly, this is the problem on which Reedy dwells.

The inadequacies of this present volume stem directly from the fact that lecture series, transcribed into books, seldom work out very well. Doubtless, his rambling and sometimes insightful speculations were better said than read; he is by nature a storyteller and iconoclast. His observations are generally more shrewd than those of a journalist and more candid than those of former insiders, though usually less analytical than those of a social scientist. Questions are posed, complaints are made, and gimmicky solutions are appropriately panned. Themes, however, are rarely developed in depth.

Reedy, a frustrated congressionalist, would like to see Congress play a more vigorous role in national policymaking. He is heartened, even in 1971, by what he detects to be a "revolt of Congress," a branch that has finally decided that it has been too often bypassed and overwhelmed by the executive branch.



Congress, to be sure, has certainly flexed its muscles in recent months, but there is still very little evidence that it is capable of recapturing discretion and prerogatives that have for years been flowing to the Executive. As nearly everyone knows, but Reedy seems to downplay, crises enormously expand the prerogatives of the Presidency; and we now live in an era of seemingly endless crises.

Reedy's suggestion is pleasing: Let us find peers for our Presidents, let us pare back the huge staffs that insulate the President from reality, let us reconstitute Congress in such a way that it can do that for which it was created, and so on. Still, what is missing in his analysis is more attention to several of the subtle, paradoxical aspects of the modern presidential condition.

We want our Presidents to be above politics, but they must be highly political. At the very same time, we insist that a President be the national unifier, as well as a partisan leader and an educator who will establish priorities and standards—which tasks almost assuredly make him a national divider. Yet this is the job of the President, and it cannot be otherwise.

Finally, we expect that our Presidents will be responsive to majoritarian sentiment, but we also hope that every President will lend his voice to the have-less and for-one-reason-or-another silent minorities that are not able to plead their case forcefully within Congress or the dominant party circles.

WHAT IS missing in the Reedy analysis is an awareness of the abundantly clear fact that the job description of the Presidency continues to swell. Despite all the complaining and congressional rhetoric, Congress continues to give more and more authority to the Presidency. Time and again in recent months we have seen members of Congress on one day bellyaching about their loss of prerogatives to the Executive and on the very next day yielding added flexibility to the Presidency for dealing with complex economic controls, international trade negotiations, or various sensitive peace initiatives.

Still the question is not how to weaken the Presidency. Our premise should not be that a weakening of the Presidency is necessarily an equivalent strengthening of the Congress or vice versa. Pennsylvania Avenue is not a seesaw. □

FICTION

Rembrandt's Hat
By Bernard Malamud
Farrar, 204 pp., $6.95

A GOOD WRITER IN GOOD FORM

EDWARD N. LUTTWAK

None of Mr. Malamud's Jews is a happy extrovert, but then his Jews are not American suburbanites or Israeli *paras*. Most of them still have Anatevka mud on their boots.

In the last short story of this collection of eight, "Talking Horse," Mr. Malamud makes a bit of a joke of the critics' cliché that his works are Jewish

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only in form but universally human in content. The horse, who is actually a centaur in equine drag, and his brutal and brutish circus-keeper are given the names of Abramowitz and Goldberg respectively, though there is nothing Jewish about them. While it is always possible that some future English Lit major at Brandeis or Tel Aviv U may prove in his thesis the story is actually a parable on assimilation, to the rest of us it will still be a perfectly straightforward tale about a captive centaur's yearning for freedom, a yearning frustrated by everyone's belief that he is merely a runaway talking horse that belongs to Goldberg.

Like Isaac Bashevis Singer, the greatest living Yiddish writer, Malamud uses the idiom and color of Jewish life, not as mere folklore but to express, in a context that he feels as his, the general human predicament. Fair to good as a novelist, Malamud is at his best in the short-story format. Like de Maupassant's, his short stories are not compressed vignettes drawn against the background of what author and reader both know, but fully developed miniatures that stand on their own. And Malamud achieves this without resorting to any of the tricks of the short-story writer's trade—the arresting introductory phrase, the capsule characterization. Consider the introduction to "Silver Crown":

> Gans, the father, lay dying in a hospital bed. Different doctors said different things, held different theories. There was talk of an exploratory operation but they thought it might kill him. One doctor said cancer.
>
> "Of the heart," the old man said bitterly. . . .
>
> The young Gans, Albert, a high-school biology teacher, in the afternoons walked the streets in sorrow. . . . To be able to do nothing for his father made him frantic. He had done nothing for him all his life.

An unreconstructed rationalist, Albert happens to meet the idiot child of a seedy rabbi, who is also a faith healer. After hesitating a good deal and never really believing that it will do any good, the young Gans parts with $986, which is supposed to pay for the making of a silver crown with curative properties. Essential for the cure, the rabbi tells him, is that he, Albert, must love his father and desire intensely his recovery. After the crown is paid for, the father does not instantly recover. Albert becomes convinced that he has been defrauded. A violent argument ensues. When the rabbi appeals to him ("Be merciful to an old man . . . think of your father who loves you"), the truth comes out: "He hates me, the sonofabitch, I hope he croaks." An hour later the elder Gans dies in his hospital bed. If on the critics' Jewish-content meter "Silver Crown" reads 99 per cent, the most amusing story of the lot, "Notes from a Lady at a Dinner Party," would scarcely rate 10 per cent.

A teasing flirt, the young wife of a middle-aged architecture professor, lures a dinner guest, a successful ex-student, to a momentary assignation in the children's bedroom. There they kiss. When they return downstairs the wife passes further notes. They agree to meet in a nearby motel that night. While coffee is being served, the wife (not inadvertently?) drops a final note. It is picked up by another guest and passed to the husband. While the wife is quietly shriveling in embarrassment, the husband passes the note, unread, to his guest, pretending or believing that the piece of paper had dropped from his wallet. When the guest reads it, he sees that the wife has canceled the rendezvous: She is pregnant, and obviously had no intention of meeting him at the motel. Missing from this account is only what gives this story its substance, the intensely credible living characterization that Malamud accomplishes in a very few pages.

THE LONGEST story, "Man in the Drawer," about a Muscovite cab driver who writes but cannot publish and an American tourist who hesitates to smuggle out his work, is in fact a 66-page novella. This is longer than any bona fide short story can be, and the novella format does not suit Mr. Malamud's talents. The atmospherics of the relationship between the cab driver and the timid American tourist (which would serve very well as an allegory of current East-West relations) could have been portrayed in many fewer pages. But even this least impressive sample of Mr. Malamud's work is absorbing to read, and the background, the *petit communiste* Moscow of today, is conveyed with compelling authenticity.

This collection is as good as any work Malamud has done in the past, and that is very good indeed. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

TAX LOOPHOLES, THE LEGEND AND THE REALITY, *by Roger A. Freeman (American Enterprise Institute and Hoover Institution on War, Revolution, and Peace, 91 pp., $3).* Tax reform, anyone? We all recall George McGovern's campaign claim, "Money made by money should be taxed at the same rate as money made by men," in criticism of the current practice of taxing capital gains at half the normal rate. Enter economist Freeman. He argues that the issues are not so simple. He notes that the beleaguered capital-gains provision serves to stimulate investment; for this reason, Germany and Japan do not tax capital gains at all. Also, the much criticized oil depletion allowance fosters the development of needed reserves, very helpful in our energy crisis. Similarly, Freeman warns against "soak the rich" proposals. The United States' tax structure is more progressive than other industrial countries'; effort and success are thereby discouraged. Further, well over 99 per cent of high-income families pay taxes but millions of low-income people pay no taxes at all. Freeman writes: "Growing numbers of citizens . . . benefit from government programs but do not have to foot any visible part of the bill." The danger is that these people will clamor for more welfare programs—at other people's expense. So perhaps tax reform is needed after all but in different directions from those suggested by Sen. McGovern.

M. PETERSON

G. K. CHESTERTON, *by Dudley Barker (Stein and Day, 304 pp., $8.95).* When G. K. Chesterton converted to Catholicism in 1922, writes Dudley Barker in this fine biography, "the Roman Catholic community in England hailed his entry with such jubilation that they might have been celebrating the conversion of an African witch doctor rather than the entry of an established Anglo-Catholic apologist." Chesterton was a brilliant and witty man-of-letters. But more than that, he recognized "the parting of the ways at which Western civilization . . . stood on deserting the path of religion." He was convinced that "the only practical means by which civilization could avoid disaster was to return to orthodox religion." He therefore devoted his life to defending the Faith. It did not much matter that he sometimes advocated "ill-considered political theories," for what was essential, "living as the terrors of the twentieth century were being prepared," was that Chesterton "proclaimed a return to Christianity as the only hope" for Western civilization. "My reason for accepting the religion," he said, "and not merely the scattered and secular truths out of religion . . . [is] because the thing has not merely told this truth or that truth, but has revealed itself as a truth-telling thing." H. B. GOW

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LEFT TURN

Origins of the Next American Revolution

by Richard E. Rubinstein

$8.50 at all bookstores
Little, Brown

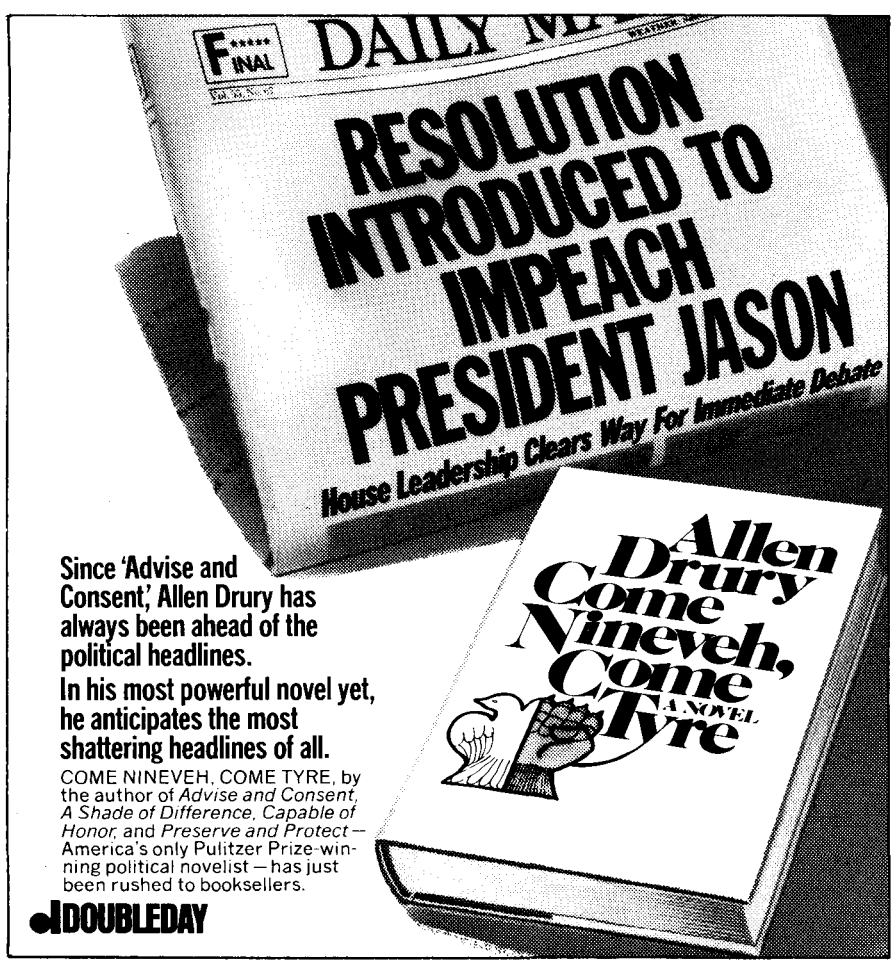
(Continued from page 1180)

United States—a migration, legal or illegal, that has produced the biggest single dispute between the two countries. For the illegal immigrants, estimated to number anywhere between two and ten million, must be either formally deported (a rare procedure) or persuaded to leave voluntarily (in which case they can and do return). Organized labor in the United States considers these Mexicans a threat to American wage levels, and wants them out. Cities like Los Angeles want them out because so many end up on relief. And the Federal Government wants them out because the remittance of their earnings to families in Mexico causes a dollar drain. Outside of long-range opportunities for employment in Mexico itself, there seems to be no solution—at least no solution except a guarded border two thousand miles long, an unimaginable cruelty that would generate hatred of the United States in that part of Mexico most friendly to Americans.

For all these problems, Mexico's developing economy, to quote the First National City Bank, is "the most progressive and stable" in Latin America. Almost uniquely "Mexico can point to some thirty years of rapid economic growth accompanied, at least in the 1960s, by unparalleled price and exchange stability, its gross domestic product reaching $33.9 billion in 1970, about $690 per capita." Mexico's growth rate for the decade not only exceeded Brazil, its closest rival in Latin America, but far surpassed Italy, West Germany, and the United States in upward movement. Nor was this progress made at the cost of inflation. While consumer prices were skyrocketing in Brazil, Chile, and Argentina, they remained virtually motionless in Mexico. The peso has maintained its value of 8 cents since 1954, enabling the Mexican government to float bond issues abroad at favorable interest rates. Leaving the vulnerable one-crop systems of most Latin countries far behind it, Mexico is producing consumer goods. Credit card plans proliferate. Thirty-five per cent of Mexican homes have both TV and radio. Electric household appliances are beginning to appear even in rural areas.

According to a recent *New York Times* interview with Jaime Cruz, an official of Mexico's cable TV, which transmits "educational" films about Texas pick-up trucks and fertilizers to Mexico, a storm of protest was aroused when it was decided to take *All in the Family* off the air. The Mexican audience loved Archie Bunker, and they also love "Bible strip-tease films" of the Cecil B. DeMille era, Cruz said. He explained rather cynically: "Mexicans feel guilty about not being more religiously observant, so they figure they can ease their guilt by watching a biblical story on TV. As long as it has plenty of erotic passion, they don't lose interest."

No doubt President Diaz Ordaz understood such things, but what he didn't understand was that the Mexican intellectuals have their folk heroes too. Like Che Guevara and Father Camillo Torres. "From the moment President Echeverría took office," one of these intellectuals told me, "he bought us with his favors—and for a very cheap price." So American businessmen who are alarmed by the new Mexican president's socialist utterances and small favors to the Left have no reason to fear. Echeverría, for the remainder of his term, will be as good as gold. He simply understands the double standard and is playing the game like a master. □



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1. Samples, complimentary, or other free copies:	1,393	1,097
2. Copies distributed to news agents, but not sold:	19,973	18,047
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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signed) William A. Rusher, Publisher

LETTERS

(Continued from page 1153)

it necessary to go to Europe to correct the inadequacies of their education. In fact, one Chicago school advertised a free trip to Vienna after graduation if the student had paid his fees regularly, in cash, for three years.

Flexner in his report was able to give only Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and Western Reserve clean bills of health. In fact, it was claimed at the time that twenty schools voluntarily closed before the report so that their conditions would not be described.

After completing his survey of American medicine, Flexner was asked to do the same for European medicine. One wonders if Mr. Reynolds believes that this represented an attempt by the AMA to extend its sway over Continental medicine.

Mr. Reynolds is also in error in describing AMA's role in respect to medical-school admissions, hospital staffing, licensing, and specialist certification. AMA controls none of these activities. AMA and the Association of American Medical Colleges establish the essentials of adequate medical training and inspect medical schools to determine if these essentials are being met. The schools themselves determine their own admission policies and class size. Membership in AMA is not a prerequisite to hospital staff privileges. The American Board of Medical Examiners sets the examinations to measure competence for licensure, the American Board of Medical Specialties and the Council of Medical Specialty Societies determine what is needed to certify a physician as a specialist.

Chicago, Ill. WILLIAM R. BARCLAY, M.D.
Assistant Executive Vice President
AMA

Reynolds Defends . . .

The fact remains that Flexner had no experience or training in medical practice nor in medical education. Whatever the intention of the Flexner report, the effect was *not* to bar graduates of so-called "diploma mills"—those graduates, including Flexner's brother, continued to practice—but to make it harder for newcomers to enter the field. In 1904, the AMA's Council on Medical Education found 82 of 160 medical schools wholly acceptable, and only 32 wholly unacceptable. By 1934, the AMA President, Dr. Walter Bierring, announced that "more doctors are being turned out than society needs and can comfortably reward. . . . During the coming year the Association . . . will institute a resurvey of the medical schools of the country. . . . A fine piece of educational work could well be done if we were to use only half of the seventy-odd medical schools in the United States." This threat was reflected in lower admissions in the following year.

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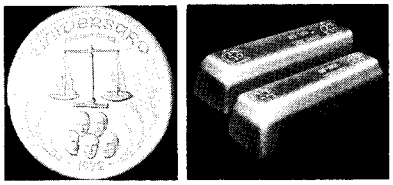

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If licensure ensures adequate knowledge, then it is redundant to limit access to licensing exams to graduates of AMA-approved schools. Flexner emphasized research at the expense of training, and input at the expense of output. The Carnegie Commission's 1970 report on medical education essentially reverses its 1910 report—advocating greater diversity of teaching methods, periodic re-licensing, and a 50 per cent increase in the output of physicians by 1978.

The AMA's role in keeping members insulated from competition has been amply documented by "Chicago School" economists—Milton Friedman and Simon Kuznets in 1945, Reuben Kessel in 1958, and Elton Rayack in 1967—not to mention a few antitrust suits the AMA has lost. A Potomac Associates survey found that more than half of the physicians would favor tax-subsidized national health insurance, but I doubt if many of them would favor open advertising of their qualifications and fees.

All those seemingly separate alphabet agencies that Dr. Barclay mentions are actually tightly interlaced: The Association of American Medical Colleges' list of approved schools is identical to that of the AMA. The AMA's Mundt Resolution advises hospitals that are certified for intern training (a vital source of cheap, skilled labor) that their staff ought to be composed solely of members of local medical societies (which, in turn, ban those who breach the AMA's code of medical "ethics"), etc.

If the AMA were as helpless as Dr. Barclay implies, its members should get their dues refunded.

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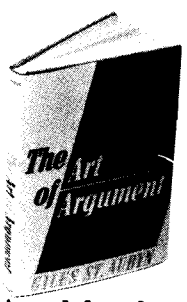

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Larry Voegele doesn't look like a racetrack tout. He's not.

He's a college graduate. He was the editor of a newspaper. He was a legislative assistant to a congressman.

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On The Right

The Chilean Refugees

New York, Oct. 1—I do not believe the American couple who, landing in Miami, claim to have witnessed "four or five hundred" executions in the National Stadium at Santiago where many of the political prisoners have been herded by the junta. For one thing, the story (denied, by the way, as "baseless" by the generals) is inherently implausible. If the junta had decided on an Indonesian-style massacre, a) we'd have heard about it from other sources; b) the American couple would probably not have lived to tell the tale. For another, the lady and gentleman in question smell very much like lefties doing their professional duty. The professional duty of all lefties, the world over, is to say everything they can think to say to discredit the Chilean counterrevolutionaries. Their concern for the truth in maximizing the evil of counterrevolutionaries is no greater than their traditional concern for minimizing the evil of revolutionaries. To this day I have never heard of one leftwinger who has declined to shake the hand, if proffered, of Chou En-lai, or Mao Tse-tung, concerning whom it is not alleged that they executed four or five hundred people, but documented that they executed their countrymen by the millions.

One hopes for compassion in Chile, but there is a humanly plausible middle way between executing the political prisoners, and returning them by private jets to Mexico City or Cuba there to receive ticker-tape parades. It is the goal of the international leftist community to make revolution absolutely safe. It is a wonder that they have not amended the United Nations Declaration on Human Rights so as to include this freedom, though perhaps the reason is that it would suffer the same fate as the other rights enumerated in that forlorn document.

It should be stressed that the so-called democratic socialism in Chile was a substantial fraud. The *Economist* in a recent issue details some of the transgressions of Salvador Allende against his vaunted democracy. Allende's followers included simple ideological brigands, who swept into small, orderly private farms and homes, and took them over. Allende's legions included trained revolutionaries from other countries, who used muscle to intimidate and steal. Allende's press was as vituperative as any in the world, stimulating base appetites, profaning freedom, bullying professors and journalists who resisted them. It is inexplicable that those who in the mid-Fifties welcomed the military revolt against Juan Perón, who was elected by a majority greatly exceeding that which voted for Salvador Allende, should now regret the overthrow of Allende. Perón had taken to demagogy, to authoritarian practices, to the persecution of journalistic enemies. He had gutted the Argentine economy which has not yet returned to its pre-Perón rank among Latin American economies.

Allende spread a Barmecidal banquet among his people, offering everybody everything. The laws of nature quickly overtook him, and everyone's cupboard was bare, and the country was taken along the road to Weimar, while Allende, between speeches, boozed and debauched, in his regal quarters, with Faroukian devotion: finally interrupted by his patient generals.

THE American people are a forgiving lot, by and large, and one hopes it will always be so. But we have never had 300 per cent inflation in one year, at the mercy of a government that refused to interfere with systematic private plunder, that brought in and cozened revolutionaries from all over the world, that bullied the loyal opposition and squandered the patrimony. It is not absolutely obvious to me exactly how, having overthrown such a regime, we would deal with the principal mischief-makers. It is altogether conceivable to me that Judge Sirica would put some of them in jail for perhaps sixty, or even ninety, days.

It is no less true for being a commonplace, that always, everywhere, people prefer an authoritarian government to chaos. There is a heavy penance exacted of those who treat democracy frivolously. The Greeks are paying that price, as are the Brazilians. Portugal and Spain have paid for it over a generation of time. Democracy is a fragile institution, and people who are careless with it should simply not be surprised if, having convulsed their countries, they are themselves inconvenienced. □

THE IMPACT OF THE SOVIET JEW

New York, Sept. 28—What I'd like to know is, What do we do after the Soviet Union runs out of Jews?

An appropriate thought, set down during this Jewish holiday period—when one considers that the toughening of our cultural, and perhaps now economic, positions on the Soviet Union is exclusively to the credit of the Jewish community. It is they who have demanded, by means mostly fair, though by some (the Jewish Defense League) foul, that the United States do something, short of war, to alleviate the plight of Jewish citizens in Russia who seek to emigrate.

The Senate sponsors of the Jackson Resolution have magnanimously required, in the draft of their resolution, that the Soviet Union also permit other Russian minorities the right to emigrate, but everybody knows that that insistence will die of neglect after the last Russian Jew who wants to leave the Soviet Union has done so.

How I wish there were some Jews in China who wished to emigrate. I have yet to hear one congressman call for the application of any sanctions at all against China, where at least it can be said that the government of Mao Tse-tung applies its repressions on strict nondiscriminatory grounds. I.e., everyone is discriminated against. No one can leave the city to go to the country without special permission, or vice versa; let alone leave the People's Republic to go to a country where human beings are permitted to breathe.

When the subject comes up of trade and credits for China, I shall raise with Senator Jackson the question of applying his reservation to China in behalf of China's Christians, but I know that the good senator, for all that I love and admire him, will not return that telephone call.

Christians are born to be martyrs, and mostly martyrs of the silent kind. Jews have had quite enough of martyrdom in this century and are resolved to fight back, and today, writing on the feast of Rosh Hashanah, I pay them tribute with all sincerity, and go so far as to say that if the Christian community today, let alone a generation ago, had displayed one one-hundredth of their tenacity and courage,

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the persecution of the Christians in East Europe, in Russia, and in China, would have been inconceivable.

Professor Kissinger has an entirely plausible point when he says that he is embarrassed by pressures from "my co-religionists" which impose upon his schematic foreign policy factional encumbrances. Indeed he reminded the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that up until a few years ago the academic community considered it axiomatic that a normalization of relations between the United States and Soviet Russia would itself constitute the principal pressure on the Soviet Union to relax its controls over its serfs.

Mr. Kissinger is correct that that was the current assumption. But the thaw with the Soviet Union began not with the Nixon Administration but with the Eisenhower Administration, in 1957 with the Summit conference, and then with all the cultural accords. In 1957 the Soviet Union left off jamming our broadcasts, permitted the publication of Solzhenitsyn's *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, and seemed to be headed toward liberalization.

SUCCESSIVE crises, internal and external, changed all this. But there is no more reason to suppose that the crises were responsible for the hardening of the Soviet spirit than there is to conclude that the progressive totalitarianization of Hitler's Germany grew out of our full contacts, economic, political, and cultural, with it.

Most important of all are the arguments of Solzhenitsyn and Sakharov, that economic and diplomatic success by the Soviet Union at this juncture and on their terms can only fortify the regime in its determination to crush all dissent, like butterflies on the wheels of American technology. It is a pity that Senator Fulbright did not think to ask Mr. Kissinger to explain his reason for supposing that he is better informed than Sakharov on this matter of Soviet behavior.

Meanwhile the pressure on the cultural-political front intensifies. Professor Hans Morgenthau has discovered that Soviet leaders probably believe their own propaganda. Anthony Lewis, having absolutely established that the Soviet Union is miles removed from Indochina, has come out for a hard line. I pray that every Jew in Russia will be permitted to emigrate. But I pray also that one (1) Jew will elect to remain, while pretending he wants to get out. Otherwise there will be a collapse of our foreign policy, of congressional sanctions, and of our army, navy, air force, and probably our national anthem. □

GENERAL MOBUTU AT THE UN

New York, Oct. 10—It was quite a sight the other day at the United Nations General Assembly. The speaker was a chief of state. The delegates are for the most part a blasé lot, but it was in the air that General Mobutu was going to say something of some diplomatic consequence, and indeed he did, occupying an entire paragraph inside another newsstory in the *New York Times*. When a speech in the UN gets that much space, it is quite a speech.

As this one was. The newsmaking part of it was the decision of President Mobutu's government to discontinue diplomatic relations with Israel. He put the matter rather grandly. Israel, he said, is a friend. But Africa is a brother. "As between friends and brothers, there is no question."

General Mobutu was only warming up. He was dressed with a leopard-skin U.S. army-style overseas cap, and the motif was picked up by delegates sprinkled about the chamber. An aide to General Mobutu placed his speech on the podium, and, after he was done, retrieved it. Such menial tasks as placing one's own speech on a podium are inconsistent with the pride of the president of Zaire. Zaire is what we call the Congo nowadays, in the categorical flight from colonialism. It isn't under the circumstances exactly clear why they picked on Zaire, which happens to be a Portuguese word.

Speaking of Portugal, General Mobutu had a great deal to say on the subject, denouncing roundly Portugal's colonization of Mozambique and Angola. Portugal, he said, is a weak state without an armed force of any quality, and has managed the lowest literacy rate in Europe. The delegates went wild with delight. They did not meditate on the inexplicit counterparts of that description of Portugal. 1) If its armed services are so weak, how does it manage to control two vast areas in Africa? And 2) though it may be true that Portugal has the lowest literacy rate in Europe, it is three and one half times higher than Zaire's. Could that be because Zaire suffered a hundred years of colonialism? But Zaire's literacy rate is four times Ethiopia's, which never suffered under colonialism. All very distracting.

General Mobutu said that it is very important that the African nations and African leaders not be humiliated in any way, and it was his point that much of the aid they receive is, really, humiliatingly tendered. I see his point. On one occasion, when General Mobutu was about to be assassinated, during one of those wars inside Zaire in which he needed friends much more than brothers, since his brothers were trying to kill him and his friends to save him, he got away by hiding in a white man's cellar, which must have ruffled his tiger hat, but saved his skin.

The General was telling the UN that the so-called aid to African countries was an economic swindle of sorts. Consider, he said, so-called fellowship grants to African students. The grant is made, and the student travels to America, and spends the entire sum of money in America! In other words, the economic grant is really a grant to American educational institutions, not to African students. If you understand that lesson in economics, you can understand why it really makes no difference if you rob a bank provided you spend the money you rob in the same country. What is confusing under the circumstances is why Zaire, having caught on to this Yankee shell game, doesn't retaliate by making huge grants to American students to study in Zaire? Study what in Zaire?

DIPLOMACY, of course. General Mobutu is an accomplished diplomat, as witness that he got much much more applause than any other speaker thus far during the session. It is a difficult art, diplomacy. But if you master it, you can say things that are received as enthusiastically as headmaster's jokes. General Mobutu said that it is symbolic of the racism of the constitution of the United Nations that the permanent members of the Security Council are—one from America, one from Asia, three from Europe, and none from Africa. He doesn't like it that he is considered a part of the Third World, because the figure "three" implies the preeminence of "one" and "two," and Africa is greater than either the Western powers or, for that matter, Russia in any number of ways, mostly unspecified. Perhaps we could find a Portuguese term to use, and do away with the use of three?

Meanwhile, Israel will have to get along without an ambassador from Zaire. And General Mobutu's children, who attend expensive private schools in Switzerland, will presumably be instructed to come home to their brothers, thus putting an end to Switzerland's economic exploitation of the children of the President of the Republic of Zaire. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A type of clothing — 64 24 102 170 193 204 51 123 146 163 173

B. Coordinated closely — 109 159 96 182 85 210

C. What fast horses are — 111 2 30 88 129 155 165 195 209 212 223 22 153

D. Creek that connects Hudson and Harlem Rivers — 113 6 41 54 69 76 147 167 200 59 93 104 225

E. A type of engineer — 135 35 58 78 148 141 63 228 8 198

F. What Lady Macbeth was — 157 47 56 107 139 154 66 92 116 183 186

G. County north of New York City — 203 38 14 161 133 90 45 175 181 192 214

H. Great American billiard player (1887-1959) — 205 202 184 217 80

I. Town in western Iowa, home of a U.S. senator — 1 75 43 55 95 138 62 114

J. A schedule of rates of a business — 218 211 151 36 98 127

K. One of several former names of Jan Mayen island — 222 5 13 131 31 44 136 50 74 99 118 162 172 201

L. How people see when in agreement — 23 39 220 190 194 215 143 166

M. Disreputable persons — 77 21 71 112 115 168 142 105

N. Number of just persons mentioned by the Saviour in a parable — 125 25 65 106 187 72 19 180 171 169 227 12 119

O. Pertaining to an imitation of another — 17 134 82 40 7 37

P. An Australian bay — 207 4 124 103 28 33 121 16 57 61 53 73 91

Q. Painting by Rembrandt (after *The*) — 3 15 132 178 197 84 94 221 48 158 29

R. Senator from Nevada (1921-1933) — 27 213 229 156 110

S. A form of playful violence — 89 149 122 60 10 191 177 145 137 83

T. A tribunal which disregards or perverts principles of law and justice — 9 216 68 87 185 32 188 199 49 179 150 224 126

U. To refer to — 42 176 20 100

V. What Pocahontas was — 70 52 79 108 152 160 18 97 117 130 67 196

W. What a business loss can be — 81 11 46 226 101 128 164 206 144 189 34

X. A High German language — 120 174 26 86 208 140 219

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1169 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 I	2 C	■	3 Q	4 P	5 K	■	6 D	7 O	8 E	9 T	■	10 S	11 W	12 N	13 K	14 G	15 Q	16 P	17 O
■	18 V	19 N	20 U	21 M	22 C	23 L	24 A	■	25 N	26 X	27 R	28 P	29 Q	■	30 C	31 K	32 T	■	33 P
34 W	35 E	36 J	37 O	38 G	■	39 L	40 O	41 D	■	42 U	43 I	44 K	■	45 G	46 W	47 F	48 Q	49 T	50 K
■	51 A	52 V	53 P	54 D	■	55 I	56 F	57 P	58 E	59 D	■	60 S	61 P	62 I	63 E	64 A	65 N	66 F	67 V
68 T	69 D	■	70 V	71 M	■	72 N	73 P	74 K	■	75 I	76 D	77 M	78 E	79 V	80 H	■	81 W	82 O	83 S
■	84 Q	■	85 B	86 X	87 T	88 C	89 S	■	90 G	91 P	92 F	93 D	94 Q	95 I	96 B	■	97 V	98 J	99 K
100U	101W	■	102A	■	103P	104D	105M	106N	107F	108V	109B	110R	■	111C	112M	■	113D	114I	115M
116F	117V	118K	119N	■	120X	121P	122S	■	123A	124P	125N	126T	■	127J	128W	129C	130V	■	131K
132Q	133G	134O	135E	136K	137S	138I	139F	140X	■	141E	142M	■	143L	144W	145S	■	146A	147D	148E
149S	150T	151J	152V	153C	154F	■	155C	156R	157F	158Q	159B	160V	161G	■	162K	163A	164W	165C	166L
167D	■	168M	169N	170A	■	171N	172K	173A	174X	175G	176U	177S	178Q	■	179T	180N	■	181G	182B
183F	■	184H	185T	186F	187N	■	188T	189W	■	190L	191S	192G	■	193A	194L	195C	196V	197Q	■
198E	199T	200D	■	201K	202H	203G	■	204A	205H	206W	■	207P	208X	209C	210B	■	211J	212C	213R
■	214G	215L	216T	217H	■	218J	219X	220L	■	221Q	222K	223C	224T	225D	226W	227N	228E	229R	■

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